

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning, Price 6d.; or 10d. if sent into the Country, Post Free, on the Day of Publication. Country and Foreign Readers may be supplied with the unstamped edition in Monthly and Quarterly Parts.

No. 257.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1824.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some Account of his Ancestors. Written by himself. 12mo. pp. 376. London, 1824.

The title of this work, which is from the satirical pen of Thomas Moore, is a misnomer, as it consists of memoirs by, and not of, Captain Rock; and if our readers expect to hear any thing of the murders of men in cold blood,—the burnings of whole families in their houses, as in the case of the Sheas,—or the other atrocities recently committed in Ireland, they will be disappointed. The Memoirs contain a history of Irish government and outrage, from the time that the kingdom was first conquered by England, up to the union. The author, as may readily be inferred from his former works, complains loudly of Irish suffering and English misgovernment; and his work, if published a week sooner, might have supplied the Earl of Darnley with additional diatribes for his speech of last Thursday, on the state of Ireland. That the sister country, as it is called, is neither happy nor perfectly tranquil we admit; but we deny that the fault is either in the government at home, or in the vice-royalty at Dublin. It is quite impossible that the present or any English minister can take a pleasure in crushing Ireland, and rendering unproductive to the revenue so fair a portion of the British empire: but the fact is, that the country contains a factious party and a barbarous peasantry, who are as remote from civilization as the New Zealanders. We know no country whose annals are so stained with crime as Ireland. Were the atrocities that are daily recorded committed in an effort to establish the absolute independence of the country, they could not be justified; but where they are the result of systematic barbarity, they can neither be too strongly condemned, or too severely punished. We shall perhaps be told they are in revenge for oppression—but this excuse will not hold, for the outrages are often indiscriminate: the individual who rents a farm of an obnoxious landlord—the servant of an individual who may have incurred the displeasure of a Rockite,—is in equal danger with the principal; nor is it to man alone that the most barbarous cruelty is confined,—the ruffians even exercise it on the beasts—less brute than themselves,—and the houghing of cattle is an every-day crime in Ireland. Now these are atrocities of an individual, and not a political nature: they originate in no oppression of the govern-

ment—in no wrong which government can remedy. If, from the peasantry, we pass to their superiors, in Dublin we find, certainly not murders, but an evil spirit pervading, and party feuds continually agitating, if they do not threaten, the tranquillity of the metropolis; the Catholics, with that hot-headed lawyer, Daniel O'Connell, at their head, are perpetually clamouring for what they care not a straw about, except as preliminary to other measures,—emancipation. Were it offered them to-morrow, they would next day clamour for a separation from England, and would find some descendant of the 'great Os and Macs,' to place on the throne of the Emerald Isle, as Ireland is affectionately called.

That Ireland may have been misgoverned, and that some measures might be devised for her benefit, we will not deny; but the peace and happiness of Ireland is only to be insured by Irishmen.—Let the factious cement their differences, as the *Courier* once recommended; and let the crimes of the peasantry be no longer glazed over, or apologized for, on the stale plea of oppression or distress. Let the Irish gentlemen and priesthood labour to improve the morals of the people, and not to inflame their imaginations about lost rights or existing grievances, and Ireland will then be tranquil and happy; let—but we are becoming political, and forgetting Captain Rock, whose memoirs form a very clever volume, written with all that spirit which Mr. Moore imparts both to prose and poetry.

The author, in his preface, states that he belongs to the Home Missionary Society, and that, on account of his knowing more of Catholic countries than the rest of his community, from having passed six weeks at Boulogne, he was selected 'to undertake the honourable but appalling task of missionary to the South of Ireland.' He travels in the Limerick coach with 'a gentleman who wore green spectacles, and a flaxen wig,' and, near Roscrea, pays a visit to an old friend, the Rev. Mr. —, whom he found 'comfortably situated in his new living, with this sole drawback, it is true, of being obliged to barricade his house of an evening, and having little embrasures in his hall door to fire through at unwelcome visitors.' In an evening excursion to explore a neighbouring abbey, he falls in with 'some hundreds of awful-looking persons,' and encounters, in the person of their leader, his travelling companion, who turns out to be the real Captain Rock, and supplies him, in manuscript, with the memoirs that follow.

Having read them carefully, he returned to England, convened the Home Missionary Society, and proposed 'that a new mission should forthwith be instituted for the express purpose of enlightening certain dignitaries both of church and state, who are, in every thing that relates to Ireland, involved in the most destitute darkness.' So much for the preface;—now for the memoirs.

The captain, who is one of the most candid auto-biographers we ever met with, carries back the history of his family six hundred years—even to those times when 'a beautiful young lady, adorned with gems and in a costly dress, having only a wand in her hand and a rich gold ring at the top of it, could travel from one end of the kingdom to the other, without the least chance of robbery, or even *abduction* on the way.' With respect to the origin of the family name, Rock, antiquarians and etymologists differ:

'An idea exists in certain quarters that the letters of which it is composed are merely initials, and contain a prophetic announcement of the high destiny that awaits, at some time or other, that celebrated gentleman. Mr. Roger O'Connor, being, as they fill up the initials, the following awful words, —Roger O'Connor, King;

'Others perceive in the name an indication of the design of the papists to establish their own religion in Ireland, through the instrumentality of Captain Rock, and quote in support of this conjecture the sacred text —"On this Rock I will build my church;" while others, not less learned, are persuaded that the name has some connection with the Saxum Jacobi, or stone of Jacob, which (according to Mr. Hamilton, who has written to prove that the Irish are Jews) was brought from Egypt to Ireland, some time before the general Exod under Moses, by a portion of the tribe of Joseph, called Erannites, and is now under the coronation chair, in Westminster Abbey.'

The captain acknowledges that his family delights in discord, and that, though the French fight for glory, the Spaniards for religion, the English for liberty, the Irish fight for fun, and that—

'Through Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Munster, Rock's the boy to make the fun stir.'

The satirical character of the captain displays itself on all occasions:—

'In the year 1180, and for some centuries after, if a man was caught in Ireland with his upper lip unshaven, he was held to be no true Englishman, and might be plundered without ceremony, or killed at a very trifling expense.'

'In the year 1798, under the government of Lords Camden and Castlereagh, if a man was caught in Dublin who had no queue, he was held, in the same manner, to be no true Englishman, and might be whipped, *ad libitum*, by any loyal gentleman who had one.

'This shows, at least, how steadily the rulers of Ireland have persevered in their ancient maxims of policy, and what importance may be given to mustachios and tails by a government that will but for six hundred years set seriously about it. In the former period, of course, the whiskers of the Rock family flourished,—persecution being to whiskers more nutritive than the best Macassar oil; and, in the latter period, crops, as we all know, became so formidable as to require not only an army of twenty or thirty thousand men, but all Lord Cornwallis's good sense and humanity, to put them down again.

'I have said that the penalty, in those times, for killing a mere Irishman was but small. Sometimes, however, the price was higher. Sir John Davies, in his historical relations, tells us of "one William, the son of Roger, who, among others, was, by John Wogan, Lord Justice of Ireland, fined five marks for killing one O'Driscoll;"—this was an unusually extravagant mulct; and it would be a curious research for an antiquary to inquire why the O'Driscolls were so much more expensive killing than other people.'

The author traces the state of Ireland with a rapid pen, to the time of the reformation and downwards: but even in this account, and in many respects faithful history, he throws in many comparisons and contrasts with the present age, as will be seen by the preceding extract. The reign of Queen Mary, the great persecutor in England, was one of comparative tranquillity in Ireland, according to Captain Rock, who says:—

'Accordingly to the usual rule of contrariety between the two countries, the reign of Mary, which was attended with such horrors in England, is almost the only interval of peace and quietness, that the annals of my ancestors exhibit in Ireland. Some local fighting, it is true, took place among my relatives the O'Briens, O'Neals, &c., but little more than was absolutely necessary to keep their hands in practice against a change of administration.'

'The last lord C——n, upon being found one day by a friend, practising with his sword against the wainscot before dinner, and being asked the reason of his assiduity at this exercise, answered, "I have some company to-day that I expect to quarrel with"—and pretty much in the same manner, the members of my family are obliged occasionally to rehearse, even in their moments of tranquillity, for the reception of any new guests that may be sent them, in the shape of governors, from England.'

Far different is said to have been the reign of Elizabeth:—

'Never had the Rocks a fairer harvest of riot than during this most productive reign. One of my ancestors, who lived and battled

through the whole of it, has transmitted to his descendants the high and illustrious distinction of having been personally engaged in no less than forty rebellions—making within five of the number of years that good Queen Bess (as he well might call her) reigned—to say nothing of a multitude of episodic insurrections, of a lighter nature, with which he amused his summer months.'

The reign of James the First is described as one of spoliation, though somewhat pacific:—

'"Where's your religion, and be d——d to you?" says a pious gentleman in one of Cumberland's plays; and much in the same sort of edifying style was the reformed religion first insinuated into the hearts of the Irish.'

'Another amiable feature in this reign was that system of legalized plunder, which so barefacedly flourished throughout the whole of it; and what Fielding has said, in prose, of the law, is equally true, in rhyme, of the government at this period:—

'The Irish had long made a deuce of a clatter,
And wrangled and fought about *meum* and *tuum*,
Till England stepped in, and decided the matter,
By kindly converting it all into *suum*.'

'The impatience naturally felt by the adherents of the Rock family at the unusual tranquillity which prevailed during this period, has been well expressed by one of my ancestors, in a spirited Irish ode, of which I have ventured to translate the opening stanzas, though without the least hope of being able to give any adequate idea of the abrupt and bursting energy of the original.

'"Rupes sonant carmina."—VIRGIL.
Where art thou, genius of riot!
Where is thy yell of defiance?
Why are the Sheas and O'Shaughnessies quiet:
And whither have fled the O'Rourkes and
O'Briens?

'Up from thy slumber, O'Branigan!
Rouse the Mac Shanes and O'Haggarties!
Courage, Sir Corney O'Toole!—be a man
again—
Never let Heffernan say "what a braggart
'tis!"

'Oh! when rebellion's so feasible,
Where is the kern would be slinking off?
Con of the battles! what makes you so peaceable?
Nial, the grand! what the dev'l are you thinking of?'

The first hundred and thirty pages are devoted to an historical retrospect, and bring it down to Captain Rock's own times. His father, who had been reduced from competence to poverty, participated in the insurrections of his day, which were carried on by the Levellers and White Boys. He belonged also to 'all other fraternities of boys then existing, whose sports were at all likely to end in the attitude thus described by Virgil:—"Ludere pendentes pueros." The captain, being a tenth child, was christened Decimus, and intended for the church,—a wish he has fulfilled, so far as opposition to the tithe system comes under that character: the principal object of the work being

directed against tithes. The death and character of Captain Rock's father contains a good account of some peculiar traits of the Irish peasantry:—

'Not long after this, my excellent father died; and it is worthy of record, as a singularity in the annals of the Rocks, that he died in his bed. He had been wounded in a skirmish with some parish officers, who had seized the cow of a poor woman for church rates, and were driving it off in triumph to the pound amidst the lamentations of her little ones. My father, indeed, succeeded in obtaining one more day's milk for the young claimants; but the wound, at his advanced time of life, was dangerous, and he resigned his heroic breath on the first of April, 1783.'

'My father's character was an assemblage of all those various ingredients that meet and ferment in the heads and hearts of Irishmen. Though brave as a lion, his courage was always observed to be in the inverse proportion of the numbers he had to assist him; and though ready to attempt even the impossible when alone, an adequate force war sure to diminish his confidence, and superiority in numbers over the enemy was downright fatal to him.'

'The pride which he took in his ancestry was the more grand and lofty, from being founded altogether on fancy—a well-authenticated pedigree, however noble, would have destroyed the illusion. He had a vague idea, in which the school-master used to help him out, of those happy days when Ireland was styled the Island of Saints, and when such of our ancestors as were not saints were, at least, kings and princes. Often would he hold forth, amidst the smoke of his wretched cabin, on the magnificence of the Hall of Tara, and the wisdom of the great Ollam Foodhlah—much to the amusement, as I have heard, of the second Mrs. Rock, who, proud of her own suspected descent from a Cromwellian drummer, used to laugh irreverently both at my father and at old Oilam Fodhlah.'

'I was indeed indebted for my first glimmering knowledge of the history and antiquities of Ireland, to those evening conversations round our small turf fire, where, after a frugal repast upon that imaginative dish, "Potatoes and Point*," my father used to talk of the traditions of other times—the first coming of the Saxon strangers among us—of the wars that have been ever since waged between them and the real Irish, who, by a blessed miracle, though exterminated under every succeeding lord-lieutenant, are still as good as new, and ready to be exterminated again—of the great deeds done by the Rocks in former days, and the prophecy which foretells to them a long race of glory to come—all which the grandams of our family would wind up with such frightful stories, of the massacres committed by black Tom and old Oliver, as have often

* When there is but a small portion of salt left, the potatoe, instead of being dipped into it by the guests, is merely, as a sort of indulgence to the fancy, pointed at it.

sent me to bed with the dark faces of these terrible persons flitting before my eyes.

His hospitality was ever ready at the call of the stranger; and it was usual with us at meal-time (a custom still preserved among cottiers of the south) for each member of the family to put by a potatoe and a drop of milk, as a contribution for the first hungry wanderer that should present himself at the door. Strangers, however, to be thus well received, must come to pass through our neighbourhood, not to settle in it; for, in the latter case, the fear of their dispossessing any of the actual occupants, by offering more to the agent or middleman, for the few acres each held of him at will, made them objects far more of jealousy than of hospitality—and summary means were always taken to quicken their transit from among us. When oppression is up to the brim, every little accident that may cause it to overflow is watched with apprehension; but where this feeling did not interfere, hospitality had its full course, and a face never seen before, and never to be seen again, was always sure of the most cordial welcome.

Of my father's happy talent for wit and humour, I could fill my page with innumerable specimens,—all seasoned with that indescribable sort of "vernacular relish," which Cicero attributes to the old Roman pleasantry. But half the effect would be lost, unless I could "print his face with his joke";—besides, the charm of that Irish tone would be wanting, which gives such rich effect to the enunciation of Irish humour, and which almost inclines us to think, while we listen to it, that a brogue is the only music to which wit should be set.

That sort of confused eddy, too, which the back-water of wit's current often makes, and which, in common parlance, is called a *bull*, very frequently, of course, occurred in my father's conversation. It is well known, however, that this sort of blunder among the Irish is as different from the blunders of duller nations, as the *Bull Serapis* was from all other animals of the same name; and that, like him, if they do not quite owe their origin to celestial fire, they have, at least, a large infusion of lunar rays in them.

In the rapidity of his transitions from melancholy to mirth, my father resembled the rest of his countrymen. I have seen him and some of my uncles, bending for hours over their spades, with faces where melancholy seemed to have written "concession à perpétuité"—when, suddenly, one of the party would jump up and fling his spade in the air, uttering at the same time a yell of mirth, which was echoed as wildly by the rest—and instantly the whole party would take to singing and capering, as if that dancing madness, which is said to have once seized the tailors and shoemakers of Germany, had suddenly come upon them all.

The author attacks with great severity the corruption of the Irish parliament. Alluding to the period between 1782 and 1795, he says:—

"A regular market was opened at the

castle, and the price of every service, down to single votes on particular questions, was ascertained and tariffed with the most tradesmanlike accuracy. So little decency did the government observe in these transactions, that the Attorney-general (afterwards Lord Clare) did not hesitate on one occasion, when some of the train-bands of the court had joined the opposition, to hint broadly at the expense that would be incurred in buying them back again.

A writer on Egypt mentions, as a singular phenomenon, the respect which the mamelukes have for men who have been purchased—far beyond what they feel for the most ancient nobility. A Turkish officer, in pointing out to him some personage who held an important situation under government, said, "C'est un homme de bonne race —il a été acheté." What homage, then, would a mameluke feel for the "hommes achetés" of the Irish nobility—many of whom might introduce an auctioneer's hammer into their coats of arms, so often have they and their illustrious sires been knocked down to the highest bidder!

During the administration of the Marquis of Buckingham, the pension list outstripped that of England by several thousands; and when at length, under Lord Westmorland, as a momentary sacrifice to public opinion, a bill was allowed to pass limiting the grants of pensions to £1,200 a-year, advantage was taken of the few months that were to elapse before the commencement of the act, to grant pensions to the amount of more than £12,000, being equal to ten years' anticipation of the powers of the crown.

This system was the consummation, the *coronis*, of England's deadly policy towards Ireland. Having broken down and barbarized our lower orders, by every method that was ever devised for turning men into brutes, she now premeditatedly—by the example of a gay and dissipated court—by the encouragement of habits of expense, and the ready proffer of the wages of corruption to maintain them—so demoralized and denationalized our upper classes, that perhaps the most harmless part many of them have since played has been that of absentees.

The venality, peculation, and extravagance, exhibited in the higher departments of the state, soon spread through the lower—a concordat of mutual connivance was established throughout,—and clerks, with a salary of £100 a-year entertained their principals with fine dinners and claret out of the perquisites. In the Ordnance department, it was found, in Lord Buckingham's time, that the arms, ammunition, and military accoutrements, condemned as useless, were stolen out at one gate, brought in at the other, and charged anew to the public account.

Again:—

The shame of corruption, like the blessing of mercy, falls alike on "him who gives, and him who takes,"—and at the period of the union this reciprocity of disgrace was perfect. The Protestant parlia-

ment was purchased with solid bribes—the Catholic people were won over with deceitful promises, and the minister, glorying in his triumph over both—

"Gave liberty the last, the fatal shock,
Slipp'd the slave's collar on, and snapp'd the lock."

Here ends 'the manuscript of the captain,' whose ulterior fate is thus narrated by his editor:—

One evening, during the mild weather which prevailed at that time, the captain, who is rather of a romantic disposition, was, it seems, indulging himself with a walk by moonlight on the banks of the river Suir—meditating, no doubt, on the events of his long life, and sighing after that peace which he might have enjoyed, had the measures of the government not forced him into such riotous distinction. From this reverie he was awakened by the tramp of horses, and saw rapidly advancing towards him a party of that gendarmerie, to whom, at present, is confided the task of civilizing Ireland.

Supposing that they knew him, and that his final hour was come, he, with his usual promptitude, prepared for resistance—having long resolved (as he himself expresses it), "on the principle of the Sibyl, to sell the last leaf dearly." Perceiving, however, that they were not aware of the rank of their antagonist, and holding it to be the part of a wise man to reserve himself for future chances, he quietly submitted, and was conducted to the gaol of Tipperary.

A sessions under the Insurrection act being always ready in that town, he was tried the following day, and the crimes with which he was charged, were—firstly, being out in the open air by moonlight, and secondly, not being able to give an account of himself. Of the unfairness of the latter charge, the public, after having read the preceding pages, can sufficiently judge, though the case, it must be owned, is somewhat different when the autobiographer stands before a magistrate under the insurrection act.

It appears that there were, in the court and the town, at the time, a large assemblage of Rockites—any one of whom could have identified our hero, so as to give the going judges the triumph of, at last, hanging the real Captain Rock. But the only virtue which the Irish government has been the means of producing in the people, is fidelity to each other in their conspiracies against it. Accordingly, the captain—though shrewdly suspected of being the captain—was, luckily for himself, not known to be such: and, being found guilty only of the transportable offence, namely, that of being out by moonlight, is at this moment on his way to those distant shores, where so many lads "who love the moon" have preceded him.

The reputation of Mr. Moore will be increased by the present volume. It certainly displays a very intimate acquaintance with Irish history, and contains severe observations on the government or misgovernment of the English; but nothing is more easy than to find fault, and it would puzzle Mr. Moore

himself to discover a panacea for the crime of poverty, that pervades Ireland. That this is a clever volume, every person who knows Mr. Moore or his works will readily believe; and so far as relates to the incidents, we confess we are of opinion the author has adhered to the truth (the fiction of the narrative of course excepted) though the inferences he has drawn from them may sometimes be questioned.

The Spanish Daughter. By the Rev. GEORGE BUTT, late Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty; Revised and Corrected by his Daughter, MRS. SHERWOOD. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1824.

MR. BUTT was a gentleman of talents and education. While at Westminster School, he was distinguished for his poetical compositions and public speaking, as well as for the warmth of his friendship and the amiability of his disposition; in mature life, he was no less eminent for his zeal and piety than for his liberality towards the several denominations of Christians, whom he always treated with kindness and respect.

The Spanish Daughter, which is a religious tale of great merit, is a posthumous production; indeed, it was left unfinished at the author's death, in 1795, and his daughter, Mrs. Sherwood, to whom the youthful generation is indebted for some excellent little works, has been obliged to supply large portions in different parts of the story, before it could be presented to the public. The avowed object of Mr. Butt, in writing the Spanish Daughter, was 'to point out the true and only source of human excellence, which is, such a faith as is described by the apostle, whereby divine wisdom and divine strength are in some degree transferred to the human creature, and fallen, corrupt, and weak mortals are enabled to walk forward in the way of holiness.' The scene of the tale is laid in Spain, during the reign of Philip the Second, and the heroine, Filicia, is the daughter of Don Alvarez de Valdesso, who had returned with him to a monastery, in the vale of Placentia. He had been disgraced for interfering with the Duke of Alva's designs relative to the persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands. Although the story possesses a deep interest, yet, as the author's object was to make the story, character, and incidents, all subservient to the cause of religion, we shall merely make one extract, in which it will be seen how eloquently the author discourses. Alvarez, the father of Filicia, whose humanity and benevolence endeared him to all around him, dying, the prior and brethren of the monastery requested the privilege of his honoured remains, which being granted, they were removed to the chapel:-

'The funeral service was to be performed by the bishop of Placentia, at the request of the venerable personage himself; and a sermon upon the occasion was to be preached by the venerable Bernardo.

'The part of the chapel assigned for the corpse was that very spot in which the

pious Charles, but a few years before, had descended alive into his own coffin, and gloomily feasted his imagination with an anticipation of that solemn event which is alike the portion of all mankind.

'Alvarez had walked as a mourner at that singular solemnity, having come at that time to pay his last devoirs to his illustrious master. Upon this occasion a circumstance so remarkable was remembered; nor was it now forgotten that, in the highest tide of his prosperity, his devotion had been chiefly paid to the setting sun.

'Such a man,' said the generous Bernardo, 'deserves the honour which the good fathers are now bestowing upon him.'

'Numerous, but orderly, was the concourse of people on the night of the funeral. 'At this time,' would they say, 'is to be buried almost the last of those great men who distinguished the reign of our illustrious Charles.' Every Spaniard, in proportion as he felt himself elated at the review of that renowned period, shed the tear of tenderness and indignation, recollecting that the patriot services of Alvarez had received the portion of a traitor. Innumerable were the praises bestowed upon the fathers of St. Justus: this compliment to Don Alvarez de Valdesso, it was frequently remarked, will encourage every man of merit in the kingdom.

'When the Bishop of Placentia arrived at the great gate of the monastery, and had descended from his coach, adorned with his mitre and robes of solemnity, the multitude through which he passed prostrated themselves on each side, receiving his benediction, and returning it with one voice of gratitude, for this instance of respect for the beloved Alvarez.

'He was accompanied by his canons and whole choir, and all the grandes and cavilleros of Placentia. The gates of the Monastery garden were thrown open to the spectators. The night was dark, which enhanced the lustre of a long series of Gothic windows illuminated from within by the lights of the chapel: lamps were hung upon the rows of trees through which the procession was to pass. When the great bell of the monastery tolled, which was as soon as the attendants of the bishop were marshalled, the procession began to make its appearance.

'Two men in black cloaks first advanced, each of them holding a bell, which, at slow intervals, they sounded. To them succeeded the numerous choir of Placentia, followed by the host, which was conducted by the canons, invested with their robes of splendour. After them came six youths, with sable plumes in their caps, suspending the fuming censers in chains of gold, and incensing the air.

'The holy water was next carried in chalices of gold by two venerable priests: after them another walked alone, bearing the pastoral staff, studded with precious stones: the mitred bishop followed, whose decorous and majestic deportment was heightened by the comeliness of his countenance and the talness of his person.

'And now came into view the military

bearers of the martial insignia: and muffled drums were beat at solemn intervals. The pall over the coffin was borne by grandes, and on the centre of it was laid a costly sword, given to Don Alvarez by the emperor Ferdinand: above it was a plumed canopy, supported by ten cavilleros. The mourners, and a long train of respectable persons, closed the procession.

'They were joined, at the gate of the cloister, by the prior and the holy brethren, each holding in his hand a black taper; and they then preceded the procession through the illuminated cloisters into the chapel.

'Never was this awful business conducted with more dignified propriety. The generous hearts of men felt how little kings could degrade a virtuous man from that rank of estimation of which he is most ambitious.

'Frederic, at that moment, had not a tear to shed, but of joy and triumph: his heart beat with honourable feelings; and he grasped, with contemplative hope, the day when he might hope to be thus lamented. Scarcely any one felt more than the benevolent Bernardo, who was conscious that the affecting spectacle was the beautiful fruit of his own generous exertions. In the mean time, Garcias had slunk into his solitary habitation, the wretched victim of impotent rage, unrepentant shame, and self-tormenting malice.

'No sooner was the corpse of one who, by divine favour, had long been a stranger to the dominion of such passions, placed in the centre of the chapel, than the solemn organ ceased to sound, (which upon the entrance of the procession had accompanied that same dirge which had been composed by the emperor Charles, for the celebration of his own obsequies.)

'The words were chosen by himself: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c.

'Whatever might be the impression made by the sacred music and awful solemnity, a far more blissful entertainment awaits the audience.

'The venerable Bernardo has ascended the pulpit. His person was the very beauty of holiness: sense, sanctity, benevolence, beamed from his eyes; yet an air, and a mein, and a spirit in his appearance, spoke him still unsubdued by the length of years. The very reflection, too, of his spectators, that they then beheld a man who had survived all his contemporaries—of whom fame had spoken much—whom few had seen, all desired to see—made them consider him, not as one of the present race, but as a Chrysostom or Augustine, descended from the regions of bliss. The very sight of him had already produced the effect of the most eloquent oration.

'His introductory prayer was delivered with such a fervour of devotion, was such a divine emanation of soul, that the idea of a present deity deeply impressed his hearers. Awful was the general silence, at the close of the prayer: it continued a few minutes on the part of Bernardo. His countenance had reposed itself into the most benign composure; and the spirit of meditation, busied within, had seemed to induce an universal

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calm of his passions: he had withdrawn his regards from the congregation, and having stood a short time in the attitude of deep thought, he directed his eye towards the coffin of Alvarez, seemingly regardless of any other object than that most solemn one.

"With little variation of voice, and scarcely any of attitude, with a grave yet musical tenor of elocution, and all the appearances of the profoundest meditation, he so clearly painted the vanity of this life, that all worldly passions seemed to die away in his hearers, and their spirits were harmonized into that serene and contemplative temperament which is so favourable to every good affection; and then, with an altered air, and a more animated address, the eloquent Bernardo converted all at once his attention and his look upon his hearers:— "No," said he, with an elevated voice, "I call those venerable relics to witness that all is not vain. Oh could that spirit who once informed and animated that clay now stand in my place, and were the power bestowed then on it of expressing its late experience to the present assembly, he would be able to prove to you, that all is not vanity."

The venerable preacher then proceeded to draw such an outline of the great work of man's salvation, as begun, continued, and completed by the three incomprehensible persons of the Trinity, as warmed, filled, and astonished every heart. The animated and heaven-instructed preacher, having painted, in the strong and pathetic language of Scripture, the dreadful fall of man, and its consequences, in the utter depravity of man's nature, next proceeded to describe the process of his recovery through divine love; and ventured to paint his gradual progress from a fallen and corrupt being to the state of glory promised in Scripture, when, through the divine love of the Father, the merits of the Son, and the regenerating and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, he is to become greater than angels and archangels,—yea, even as the Son of God himself.

"Saw we not but now, said he, "in the instance of our departed brother, all that man can witness of this glorious change? Saw we not grace victorious over natural corruption, and the redeemed soul triumphing, not in her own strength, but in that of her Redeemer, under the very agonies and the pangs of death."

The eloquent preacher then proceeded to enumerate the many beautiful effects of religion, as apparent in all the public and private relations of the life of Alvarez. He spoke particularly of his merits as a father, and thence took occasion to lament the notorious neglect of education in Spain, and to admonish parents, from the filial piety of the daughter of Alvarez, to prepare for themselves, by an imitation of that great man, such a consolation as he had received in his old age from his admirable child."

We are sure our readers will perceive, from this extract, that Mr. Butt was a very superior writer, and that the Spanish Daughter is an exquisite tale.

Memoirs of Goëthe. Written by himself.
2 vols. 8vo. London, 1824.

Of all the forms which biography assumes, none is so fascinating, provided it bear the stamp of earnestness and sincerity, as autobiography;—none so rich in instruction, or affording a deeper insight into the human heart. When an individual is his own biographer, he can unveil to us the motives of his actions, point out the particular circumstances which have mainly contributed either to form his character or influence his fortune, and reveal to us the history of his feelings and impressions. There are certainly some counterbalancing disadvantages to set off against all this; but, on the whole, the scale will be in favour of this species of biographical composition. It is no wonder, therefore, that it has always been popular, for the reader is, as it were, the immediate confidant of the writer; and every one knows, from his own experience, that no one can, if he please, disclose so much of his motives, and aims—of his real character, as the individual himself. The life of a literary man seems peculiarly adapted to this form, since thus only can we obtain a knowledge of the progress of his mind, and become acquainted with the gradual progress of his sentiments and opinions. We make no doubt, therefore, but that the public will be eager to read the auto-biographic memoirs of so celebrated a writer as Goëthe; whose name is so familiar to the English reader, and who may be considered as the most eminent living poet, dramatist, and critic of Germany.

The present work was first made known in this country, by an article on it in the twenty-sixth volume of the Edinburgh Review, June, 1816; and another in the twenty-eighth volume of the same journal. This critique was by no means favourable: it charged the writer with an overweening vanity, and the work itself with diffuseness. It was, perhaps, with a view to remedy the latter, that the present translator has omitted whole passages of the original,—in several places ten, twenty, or even thirty pages together; and that in others he has given a very paraphrastical version of the text. We were certainly not prepared for any such omissions or abridgment; for the translator has not let drop the least hint of them in his preface: we may justly be allowed to doubt, therefore, whether he considers the work to be materially improved thereby. For our part, we certainly do not think that it is, as many of the little individual characteristic traits, anecdotes, and picturesque touches are thus entirely obliterated. Among these are several incidents connected with his early studies, and with the development of his taste for painting. That the author himself might have greatly improved the work by condensing many parts of the narrative, we will readily admit; but complete excision, or even compressing the substance of a dozen pages into the compass of one, is a very different thing from the condensation which Goëthe himself would have produced. Such compression as that

which we here find leaves nothing but mere dry husks, after all the raciness and humour has been squeezed out. Many of the details which have been thus suppressed might be uninteresting in one point of view; but still they were curios, as illustrative, not merely of personal characters, but of national manners. We think that at least the translator ought to have pointed out the nature and extent of these omissions; his total silence with regard to them is certainly neither very ingenuous, nor very politic.

We cannot afford space for any connected outline of these memoirs; suffice it, therefore, to say that Goëthe was born at Frankfort on the Maine, August 28th, 1740, of one of the most respectable families of the city; and that his studies were commenced at home, under the inspection of his father, who had travelled, and imbibed an attachment to the arts, which was early felt by the son. When he attained his eighth year, the Seven Years' War broke out, and Frankfort was occupied by the French troops,—an event favourable to Goëthe, for Count Thorane was quartered at his father's, and being an admirer of painting, soon collected around him all the artists of the city, with whose works Goëthe thus became early acquainted. He had also an opportunity of acquiring the French language, and of frequently visiting the French theatre, which latter circumstance contributed to inspire him with a predilection for the drama. A romantic boyish affection for a girl about two years older than himself,—here designated only by the appellation of Margaret,—is another incident that had a material influence on his youthful mind. Of his feelings, after the shock produced by the abrupt termination of this attachment, he gives the following picture:—

"The gaze of the most total strangers was painful to me. I could no longer taste that pleasure which, like that of health, is only perceived when lost—the pleasure of mixing indiscriminately in the crowd at one's ease, and without fear of being remarked. I now began to feel the encroachments of a hypochondriac mania. I fancied myself the object of public attention. I imagined every moment that observing eyes and severe looks were fixed on me.

"I therefore drew my friend into the woods; I fled from strait and formal walks. I sought the beautiful groves in the vicinity of Frankfort. Their extent is not very great, but yet they were sufficient to afford an asylum to a poor wounded heart. I had selected in the thickest part of the wood a situation of majestic gravity. Oaks and ashes of venerable age afforded a fine shade to the vast and verdant area beneath their branches. The slope of the ground disclosed to the eye a perfect perception of the stately forms of these old trunks. At the back of this circular space were thick bushes, overhung by some grand masses of rock covered with moss, whence rushed a cascade, which, falling to the ground, formed a wide and limpid rivulet.

"When I brought my friend to this re-

treat, he, who regretted the populous walks of the fields on the banks of the Maine, laughed at my taste, which he said was worthy of a true German. He then explained to me, upon the authority of Tacitus, how our ancestors lived content with the emotions which nature lavishes on us in those solitudes where she appears so rich in edifices, which never required the aid of art. Oh! I cried, interrupting him,—oh! that this superb palace of verdure were plunged in the depths of a wild desert! Oh! that we could pitch our tent in it, and, separated from the world, spend our lives in holy contemplation! Can the Divinity be honoured more purely than in these rural temples, where no image is requisite? Is not the homage we offer him from the bottom of our hearts, when recently purified by converse with nature, the most worthy his acceptance? My feelings at that moment are still fresh in my memory; but I cannot now recollect the expressions I made use of. The sentiments of youth, free and powerful as those of uncivilized men, easily rise to the level of the sublime. When this enthusiasm is excited in us by the contemplation of grand objects, and particularly when we can scarcely conceive its vague and ideal forms, we spring up to a height for which we do not seem destined by nature.

That internal voice of the soul which transports us into a sphere above our own, speaks more or less distinctly to all men. All seek by various means to gratify this noble thirst for exaltation; but as the dimness of twilight and the obscurity of night, which seem to unite and confound objects, are favourable to the sublime, daylight, on the contrary, dispels it by distinguishing and separating the same objects. Every idea which has a tendency to become insulated and fixed, would soon annihilate the sublime, were we not fortunately enabled to take refuge in the truly beautiful, and unite our souls with it in so intimate a manner that the result is an immortal and indivisible whole.

My prudent friend, not content with the shortness of the moments passed in these enjoyments, abridged them still farther. When once I had returned into the world, I sought in vain, amidst the mean and common objects which surrounded me, to reproduce in myself this sentiment of the sublime. Scarcely could I even preserve the remembrance of it. The ferment of my mind was, however, too great to subside on a sudden into calmness. I had loved, and the object of my love was torn from me; I had lived, and bitterness was infused into my cup of life. When a friend allows us to perceive too clearly his intention to guide us, he rather cools than excites our zeal. A woman is to us a celestial being, who brings us happiness. Not only do our hearts pay homage to her, they fly to meet her instructions, and she governs us through the elevation of our sentiments which she excites. But that ravishing face, which had excited in me the idea of perfect beauty, had fled for ever.

From childhood I had possessed a taste

for painting. Of all my organs the eye was that with which I could best seize what was remarkable in the world. I observed objects with extreme attention; but I was impressed only by the general effect of the whole. If nature had not granted me the talent of descriptive poetry, neither had she been more bounteous towards me with respect to the faculties which distinguish the painter skilled in the representation of single objects, and in seizing the details of them. Our solitary walks revived my taste for this art. I suddenly resolved to endeavour to trace, by the help of the pencil, all that appeared to me beautiful, all that delighted my eyes in our favourite woods. I therefore began to draw from nature. I applied myself to this occupation with equal perseverance, inaptitude, and awkwardness. It enabled me to get rid of my tutor; who, seeing me absorbed in my eager devotion to this study for whole hours, soon accustomed himself to walk about near me, with a book in his hand, being certain of finding me again at the same place. My drawing had also still more powerful charms for me. It was not so much the subjects delineated by my unskilful pencil, that I saw in these productions, as the gay imagery that floated in my imagination whilst I was thus employed. I attached to every tree, leaf, and plant, the remembrance of one of my short moments of felicity. Thus my portfolio became my most valued journal, and these rude sketches, embellished by my recollections, have always possessed so lively an interest in my sight, that I have never been able to determine on sacrificing them. Even now, I confess, this sacrifice would be beyond my strength.

My father saw with pleasure my renewed attention to an art of which he was fond. He examined my work, showed me its defects, and pointed out the means of correcting them. By degrees my friends became convinced that I had no thoughts of returning to my forbidden connexions. I was no longer watched; and was restored to liberty. In company with other youths I made several excursions on the banks of the Rhine, and in the beautiful country watered by the Maine. But I did not improve in landscape painting by these tours.

I constantly returned with increased pleasure from these often-repeated excursions, which were partly undertaken for pleasure and partly for improvement in art. My sister was the magnet that attracted me towards home. She was but a year younger than myself. We had lived, from our earliest infancy, in the most intimate union, which the internal state of our family tended to strengthen. My father had set up a principle to which he always adhered. He made it a point to conceal an affectionate and tender heart under the guise of an inflexible severity, necessary, according to him, for attaining the two objects which he proposed to himself, namely, to give his children an excellent education, and to maintain strict order in his family. My mother was quite a child when he married her, and she might be said to have been

brought up with us. She had, as well as my sister and myself, all the vivacity and ardour of youth for the enjoyments of the moment. Our inclinations always tended to the pleasures of society. Time only increased this contrast between my father and us. He pursued his own plan with unshaken perseverance, whilst my mother and her children were equally attached to their own sentiments and wishes.

Our hours of retirement and labour were long, and we had but a very short time to devote to recreation and pleasure, especially my sister, who never could remain so long absent from home as I could. Thus the pleasure of our conversations was heightened by the regret she felt at being unable to accompany me in my excursions.

In our earliest years our studies, diversions, mental and bodily development, had all been common to both. We might have been taken for twins. Time only cemented our intimacy, by strengthening our mutual confidence. The vivid interest of youth, the surprise caused by the awakening of sensibility and the wants of the soul, which mutually lend their language to each other, the observations which that state suggests, and which tend rather to prolong than to enlighten its obscurity (like the mist of the valley, which veils it in rising, instead of allowing the light to enter,) the illusions, the errors which arise from this situation—all these vague and novel impressions strike a brother and sister of the same age at the same time, and yet they are unable to explain to each other the singularity of what they experience. For, although their friendship and the ties of consanguinity by which they are connected seem to afford them opportunities for such communication, a holy awe, produced by those very ties, always raises an insurmountable barrier between them, and retains them in their ignorance.

It is with regret that I here take this cursory notice of a being so dear and so soon lost to me. Her extraordinary merit and our tender friendship had early inspired me with the idea of consecrating to her memory a monument worthy of her virtues. Bent on preserving her beloved image in all its moral beauty, I had conceived the idea of a work of imagination, in which she would have figured as the principal personage. But I must have borrowed the pencil of Richardson and the dramatic form of his romances for this purpose. Nothing but the greatest exactness in the details, and an infinity of shades and salient peculiarities, can endow a character with motion and life, and present it as a whole. It is in the stupendous depth of the recesses of the human heart that the moral portrait of an individual is to be sought. The source can only be well conceived by observation of the waters that flow from it. But the tumult of the world has diverted me from this pious design, as it has from so many others; and all that I can now do is to attempt, as it were, by the aid of a magical mirror, to call up for a moment this blessed shade.

My sister was tall. Her figure was slender and elegant; her deportment noble;

and her air of native cheerfulness enlivened features of an agreeably delicate complexion, although neither very regular, nor very expressive: they did not indicate great firmness of mind. Her eyes, although not the very finest I ever saw, were particularly expressive; and when animated by any tender expression, brightened into extraordinary splendour. Yet this expression was not that of the sensibility which emanates from the heart, and seems to solicit a return; it sprang from the soul, and manifested that generous sentiment which gives and demands nothing. On the whole, however, her countenance could not be called attractive. She was sensible of this at an early period; and this idea gradually became more painful to her as she approached that age at which the youth of each sex find an innocent pleasure in rendering themselves agreeable to the other.

'In general we are all satisfied with our faces, whether handsome or not; but my sister had too much good sense to be blind to her deficiency in this respect. It is not improbable that, on comparing herself with her companions, she even exaggerated her own want of beauty, without consoling herself by the consciousness of her superiority in the qualities of the soul and the understanding. In fact, if it be possible for a female to possess any compensation for the want of personal attractions, my sister was amply indemnified by the unbounded confidence, esteem, and attachment of her female friends, of every age. She was the centre of a very agreeable circle, into which several youths had introduced themselves: still she had no friend of the other sex, although few young ladies are without one. There is a kind of dignity in the character and manners which estranges rather than attracts. She was deeply sensible of this; she imparted to me the grief it occasioned to her, and became the more fondly attached to me. We stood in a singular situation. A confidant of the other sex, to whom a love affair is entrusted, takes at first a warm interest in it: but this interest sometimes changes into rivalship, the confidant endeavouring to appropriate to himself, or herself, the sentiments thus avowed. It was nearly thus with my sister and me; for when my connexion with Margaret was broken off, my sister seemed the more eager to console me, from a secret satisfaction which she felt in no longer having a rival in my heart: and it was also a satisfaction to me to hear her assure me with earnestness, that I was the only youth who really appreciated, loved, and honoured her. But when the sorrow which the loss of Margaret from time to time occasioned me, drew tears from my eyes, my despondency excited an angry impatience in my sister's mind. She would then exclaim against the illusions of love and youth. We both found ourselves extremely unhappy; and our misfortune seemed to us the less supportable, as it could not be alleviated by the hope of seeing our mutual confidence ripen into love.'

(To be continued.)

Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, and her Second Husband, the Hon. George Berkeley.

(Concluded from p. 215.)

ONE of the most lively correspondents in these volumes is the Duchess of Queensberry, from whom there are many letters, some written at Edinburgh, and others on the continent, containing animating descriptions of what she met with. We prefer giving a letter from Scotland, to one from Brussels:—

Duchess of Queensberry to Lady Suffolk.

'Edinburgh, the 1st of June, I may say the first of summer, 1734.

'MY DEAR, DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,—The pleasantest thing I have met with a great while was your letter yesterday noon. I devoured that instead of my dinner, and found it better support than all the Scotch beef in the country. *A-propos*, you have half your wish: the cook-maid is very dirty about herself; but she says it is her way; she was never otherwise. I ought to be satisfied, for I have known many so in a worse case, and convinced by arguments no better founded, a common excuse for folly pride, impertinence, and a long *et cetera* of those pretty vices you mentioned—it is *their way*. God help them out of yours! for though disagreeable events give a fillip to nature, the continuance is mighty wearisome to the spirits, and by no means to be wished for.

'O had I wings like a dove, for then would I fly away to Marble Hill, and be at rest! I mean at rest in my mind. I am tired to death with politics and elections; they ought in conscience to be but once in an age; and I have not met with any one in this country who doth not eat with a knife, and drink a *dish* of tea. This, added to many other cutting things, you must own, makes a dreadful account. My girl and I have been at an assembly; mighty happy she, and I much amused, by the many very extraordinary fashions. Notwithstanding, I can assure you my tail makes a notable appearance. Pray tell me your friend's name, for I know none here, except myself, who I am sure is so. I have not seen the Duke of Argyll; he has been out of town with his aunt, Lady Mary; but his brother and I are great as two inkle-weavers. He has made me a visit.

'I assure you my child is very sleepy, or she would answer Miss Hobart's letter to-night. She desires her service. She is improved, and danced mighty well. I was pleased much altogether: she was a very genteel pretty figure. I hope Master Hobart is quite recovered. Pray, with my best respects to Mrs. Carteret, tell her it is a terrible thing that my words have no weight. You say nothing of Mrs. Meadows; has she ran away with her brother and Lady Fanny? She puts me in mind of some play, where the lady cannot bear the thoughts of being married, unless the man steals her out of window. The girl was in her own disposal to all intents and purposes. The Duchess of Leeds is an unhand-

some beauty, and rather disagreeable than otherwise. My Lord Portmore is like Lord Essex and Lord Hervey, which is saying all that man can deserve; yet one word more. He is about building a house: they proposed to him a very fine situation, where he might have a very fine view of the sea; but the fine gentleman cried out, "Oh Christ! the sea looks so fierce it frights one."

'I write just in the style that Lady Dysart talks,—very incoherent stuff; but remember I have your license, that I believe you love me, and that I had no patience to stay till the next post, though I have not time to write so as to be read. If you can, to be sure you will rejoice with me, that the sun has shone to-day,—that I am in hopes it will on Monday, that I may ride out; for on Sundays no such things are allowed in this country, though we lie, and swear, and steal, and do all sort of villainy every other day the week round. I shall be delighted to see you, though I believe not till next month. If you let me hear from you again, my time will pass the pleasanter; for I am, if I know my own heart,

'Most sincerely and affectionately your's.'

On Lady Suffolk's falling out of favour at court, she experienced in some degree the worthlessness of the friendship of those who had been ready to kiss the hem of her garment. John the Great Duke of Argyll, who had ever been suspected of a partiality for this lady, beyond that of friendship, wrote her the most cool and formal note in the world; the editor of this volume (Mr. Croker, it is said) observes there is reason to suspect that 'this great duke was but a petty intriguer, a poor courtier, and a fashion's patriot.' As contrasted with the conduct of the duke to Lady Suffolk, we insert the following amiable letter from Lord Bathurst:—

Lord Bathurst to Lady Suffolk.

'From the Peak of Derbyshire,
26th Nov. 1734.

'MADAM,—I did not give credit to what I saw in the newspapers till I had it confirmed under the hand of a friend of ours; he writes me word, at the same time, that you expected a letter from me. I take it for granted it ought to be a letter of condolence, for it is a sad thing, without doubt, to be removed from the sunshine of the court to the melancholy shades of privacy and retirement, especially to those who have made an ill use of favour, and have employed it only to gratify their own private resentments: I do not know that has been altogether your case. But what good have you done to any body? Believe me there are but very few who will take the will for the deed. Some few odd-headed simpletons may have that way of thinking, but all the beau-monde, that used to crowd about your toilets, will avoid you as if you had got the plague; and to be reduced to live within the circle of one's friends would be to most people a most dismal retreat. I am much of opinion that a certain great man, who has now by far the greatest levees of any subject in England, would find it difficult, after laying down his post, to make up a

party at quadrille, if he resolved to play only with three personal friends. Now, to comfort you, madam, I dare answer for it you will be able to do something more; and, in my opinion, there must be some satisfaction in discovering who were friends to one's person, and who to one's fortune, which you could never have found out without this change. Perhaps you will not believe it, but it is literally true, that the sun shines, even here where I am, above one hundred miles from London; and that there are men and women walking upon two legs, just as they do about St. James's, only they seem to stand steadier upon them: they can talk, too, only it is in a different dialect, and for my part I like it better. A great king, who happened to be a philosopher, could find out nothing more to be desired in human life, than these four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read; you may be sure of enjoying all these, and the third of them (which I suppose he thought the most valuable) in a more perfect degree than *his majesty or his queen*.

'I am now besieged by snow, but I hope soon to make a sortie, and force my way up to London, and my first business will be to pay my respects to you, and to assure you that I am with the utmost esteem and regard,

Yours, &c.

'BATHURST.'

It is not generally known, and is certainly not the most amiable trait in the character of the minister, that Sir Robert Walpole dismissed Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, from the army, on account of his parliamentary conduct. He had been a cornet in Lord Cobham's regiment, and was superseded in 1736. The following letter alludes to the circumstance:—

William Pitt, Esq. to the Hon G. Berkeley.

'London; June 7. 1736.

'SIR,—I had been often told I was obliged to Sir Robert for honouring me with so distinguished a mark of his resentment; but I never thoroughly felt the obligation till I received the favour of your letter. I should not be a little vain to be the object of the hatred of a minister, hated even by those who call themselves his friends. I am infinitely so, to think myself in any degree the object of the esteem of a man so dear to every one who has the happiness to be his friend, and so highly esteemed by every one who is not so. I feel very warmly how valuable is the acquisition of your friendship; the share you allow me in it is the surest means for me to acquire, and the only one by which I can ever come to deserve the esteem of the world, and attain in any degree the worth or talents you are now willing to suppose in me. What I here say to you I say from the abundance of a heart full of gratitude for the kind concern you take in my situation. I find it hard to tell you half what I feel; I only beg, as you think a great deal too highly of my talents, that you will not refuse me the single one to which I have any title, that of knowing how to set a just value upon the honour and

happiness of my Lady Suffolk's and your friendship. I am mighty glad French air agrees with you both, and hope you will bring back more health than even English climate can affect. I say nothing of my sister, who, I believe, speaks for herself by this same post.

I am, &c.

'W. Pitt.'

At the close of the second volume there are some amusing letters by Lord Chesterfield, Walpole, and Lady Suffolk, in masquerade, but we have only room for the first:—

Lord Stanhope to Mrs. Howard's Dog.

[This is a reply, written when Lord Chesterfield was very young, to a letter addressed to him in the name of Mrs. Howard's lap-dog, announcing her *accouchement*.]

'Bath, Sept. 5.

DEAR MARQUISE,—I received with a great deal of pleasure the account of your happy delivery, and (as I judge by the brevity and conciseness) from some fair hand of your acquaintance.

I always thought epistolary correspondence the properest with those of your species, which makes me glad of this opportunity to congratulate you upon this occasion at a distance,* where I cannot have your answer by word of mouth. I have no rules to give you for your conduct in the month but to avoid all noise as much as possible, and therefore I would only recommend to you the company of that laconic lady† who sent me that very short relation of your labour, unless you find some few others (which possibly you may) of equal taciturnity.

I beg of you not to be at all concerned at any insinuations that may be thrown out, that your issue does not bear that resemblance to the father which it ought. Many salvos might be found out for it, if necessary; but it is very long since any wise mother has been very uneasy, or any prudent husband too inquisitive, as to affairs of that kind. The great tenderness I hear you have shown towards your little nursery is never enough to be commended; and as it may be an example for many parents to follow, and others to blush at, so ought it to be said to your honour, that you use your dogs like children, while they use their children like dogs. But, alas! the care you have hitherto taken relates only to their bodies. The great concern is still to come; I mean the forming of their minds. As to which, I look upon it as their peculiar advantage, and your happiness (notwithstanding what some grave authors assert to the contrary), that they are to have their education in a court, a court that —; but as I have the honour to be one of it, I must not give it its due commendations. As example is better than precept, you will there have an opportunity to set before their eyes examples of all kinds. It is impossible but that, among the number of ladies you daily converse with, you may point out to your two female little ones some virtues to imitate, and many faults to avoid; above all,

show them the inconveniences of a snappy and snarling disposition, especially in their sex; and if you can produce examples, it would not be amiss neither to caution them against over-discretion; which you may enforce by assuring them, that had you been over-nice, they had not been at all, and you had died a maid.

As for your issue male, they will likewise reap very great and glorious advantages from example; for were you only to set before them the nine lords*, you may make them very accomplished puppies; but you may with very good success take a greater latitude, and borrow very useful hints from several others of the family. While they are little you cannot do better than let them play with the †secretary; but when they come to dog's estate, bid them imitate, and, if possible, emulate, the magnanimity and fortitude of Herbert† and Belhaven,§ that they may one day be justly promoted to the dignity of house-dogs. In short, that your progeny may in time be both the ornaments and the guardians of the lodge, is the hearty and sincere wish of

Your's.

We now take our leave of this curious, valuable, and interesting work, which throws so much light on the manners of the English court, during a period of half a century, and which will be of considerable service to the future historian of the reign of George II.

The Italian Interpreter, consisting of copious and familiar Conversations on Subjects of general Interest and Utility; together with a complete Vocabulary in English and Italian. By S. A. BERNARO. London, 1824.

MR. LEIGH has published several very useful little works for travellers—not only descriptions of Paris, Rome, Naples, Brussels, and itineraries through the countries of which these towns are the capitals, but good pocket companions for those who are ignorant of the language. Sir William Curtis, previous to his departure for Naples, we are assured, purchased a whole set of Mr. Leigh's publications, and such was his proficiency in Italian, through the means of Mr. Bernardo's Interpreter, that, on landing at Naples, he accosted the first person he met with a *Buon dì a voceignoria come sta ella*, with the true accent, adding, at the same time—'Or, in English, how are you my boy?' The city baronet is not, however, the only gentleman who will profit by Bernardo's Interpreter, since it contains conversations on all the immediate and useful purposes of life, in which the exact mode of pronunciation is given on a plan eminently calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the Italian language.

* 'Of the prince's bedchamber.'

† 'Probably Mr. Molyneux, secretary to the prince, son of Locke's friend.'

‡ 'Afterwards ninth Lord Pembroke. See vol. 1. p. 17.'

§ 'John, fourth Lord Belhaven. See vol. 1. p. 45.'

* 'Lord Chesterfield did not love dogs.'

† 'Mrs. Howard.'

Shakspeare, with Notes, Original and Selected. By HENRY NEELE, Esq. and embellished by G. F. JOSEPH, A.R.A. No. I. *The Tempest.* 8vo. London, 1824.

It has always appeared to us, that Shakspeare's works, like the sacred Scriptures (and we trust we shall not be accused of profanity in mentioning them together), require little comment or explanation. It is true that, in the latter, there are some obsolete words, which require an explanation, but the meaning of the author is generally apparent enough from the context.

Mr. Neele, in his edition the first number of which neatly printed and embellished with a good engraving is before us, has weeded the commentaries of their prolix absurdity, selecting such only as really illustrate the text, adding a few,—too few—of his own. We wish that the editor, who is an enthusiastic but still a critical admirer of the great bard, had given a dissertation or critique on each play, and as he is not too far advanced, we recommend him to do this; as it will, we are sure, considerably enhance the value of his work.

The English Spy: Characteristic, Satirical, and Humorous. Illustrated with numerous Portraits of Living Characters.

Parts I. and II. Royal 8vo. London, 1824.

The author of the English Spy is a person who, if put on the right scent, will not, we suspect, flinch from the chase after novelty; a privileged spy, like the air, 'a celebrated libertine,' passeth where he listeth, and we are sure our readers will acknowledge that England is a field ample enough to satisfy the curiosity of any individual. The author of the Spy rests no doubt a good deal on the 'scenes sketched from the life,' of which there are six coloured in the first two parts. These scenes are drawn and engraved by Robert Cruikshank, of whose talents as an artist we have frequently had occasion to make honourable mention. They are very spirited, and, we doubt not, correct.—One of them is true to *nature* certainly—'The Opera Green Room, or Noble Amateurs viewing Foreign Curiosities.' We must, however, confess that, had the artist thrown more clothes, and less of nature into the figurantes, his sketch would have gained in decency what it might lose in correctness. The other engravings are very clever, and exhibit life at Eton among the Fancy, at Oxford, and other characteristic subjects. The letter-press, which is both in prose and verse, possesses much smartness, and the author is evidently acquainted with the scenes of which he gives so faithful and animated a picture.

Foreign Literature.

Variades, o Mensagero de Londres. Part I. II. and III. London, 1824. Such is the title of a Spanish periodical, published quarterly by Mr. Ackermann,—less for the purpose of maintaining a literary intercourse with old Spain, than

to diffuse knowledge in those regions of the new world, where the inhabitants have shaken off every thing belonging to Spain but her language. He must be an enthusiast, indeed, who could for a moment entertain the hope that any work published in this country, could rescue the Peninsula from the ignorance and bigotry into which it has once more been plunged; but there is another country which, though not so fair, is a more extensive portion of the globe; it is also rapidly rising into importance, and thirsting for a knowledge of those arts which so essentially contribute to the character and greatness of our empire. The work contains sketches of English and Spanish literature, British history, topographical descriptions, memoirs of distinguished individuals, state papers, and proceedings in the British Parliament on the subject of South America, English fashions, and numerous varieties in literature and the arts. The third part is embellished with an excellent portrait of Sir James Mackintosh, and seven coloured engravings, including views of St. James's Palace, Eaton Hall, some landscapes, and plates of the fashions. The object, plan, and execution of this work cannot be too highly praised; but having for the first time in our lives the evidence of a diplomatic critic, we prefer giving it to any further remarks of our own, particularly as his excellency is more competent to judge of its effects. M. Hurtado, the new minister from Colombia,* in a note to Mr. Ackermann, thus speaks of the work:—

'The several numbers of your "Variedades," which I read in America, have afforded me much pleasure, and I think highly of the author of them. His object is to disseminate liberal sentiments among a nation just rising into political existence, and which shows itself worthy of civilization. The idea of assisting them in the acquisition of this blessing evinces the purest philanthropy. This merit belongs to you, sir, and the Americans gratefully acknowledge the obligation.'

ORIGINAL.

DRAMA EXTRAORDINARY.

HAVING no theatricals at home to notice this week, we have gone abroad, and, by that ubiquity which editors, and, according to the Irishman, birds possess of being in two places at once, we have made a trip to America; by what conveyance, we trust our readers will not ask, as it is a secret, buried deep in our own bosom, and only to be drawn forth by the establishment of

* While the Royal man-milliner of Spain is obstinately refusing to sanction loans raised for himself, and in which he participated, the republic of Colombia is honourably guaranteeing a loan its half-authorized agent had contracted for, on terms far from favourable.—ED.

a company, with a capital of five millions, of which we are to be the treasurer. Since last Saturday, then, we have twice crossed the Atlantic, and seen Conway and the American Cooper play Jaffier and Pierre, at Boston, to a crowded audience, who were delighted. Our countryman pocketed a 'pretty considerable d—d particular' quantity of dollars, as the play was for his own benefit. By the bye, at New York, Conway was also a great favourite, and had a benefit, which produced him fifteen hundred dollars. But to return to Boston. We saw him also in *Macbeth*, where his fine figure gave great effect to the character of the ambitious Thane. We afterwards saw Shakspeare's *King John*, got up with less attention to costume certainly than at Covent Garden Theatre, but extremely well acted. Conway played the charter-giving, charter-breaking monarch, and Cooper was the Falconbridge; less spirited, less satirical, and not so gaudily dressed as Charles Kemble, but still a good representative of the 'bastard of Burgundy.'

The men of Boston were very anxious that Conway and Cooper should alternately appear in *Othello* and *Iago*, and so intent were they on this object, that, if the actors refused, a petition was to be presented to congress, to compel them to obey the 'public voice;' for, as Jonathan W. Doubikin says, 'America is a free country, and I want to sell my nigger,' and therefore why not force an actor to obey the public voice. We would gladly have remained at Boston, to know how the business was settled; but our guardian conductor, 'be he a spirit of health or goblin damned,' reminded us that we must set off, in order to give a good account of ourselves to our readers before the Easter holydays. Before we took our departure, we called on our friend, the editor of *The Boston Commercial Gazette*, who gave us a whet of rum and a biscuit, and introduced to our acquaintance a very intelligent middle aged gentleman, an *American* critic. Anxious to learn his opinion of our countryman, we led him into conversation on the subject, when he thus confidently expressed himself:—

'Mr. Conway is an actor of high and various talent; too sensible a one, we are persuaded, to relish the slavish panegyric which has been lavished on him in some of the newspapers. He may have read, but certainly not without sickening, such indiscriminate ridiculous encomiums. We are willing he should set them down as the opinions of a solitary enthusiast, but we

cannot consent they should be taken as the sober sentiment of the community. When, therefore, it is said of Mr. Conway, that, "as a star, he outshines all that have appeared among us, with the single exception of Cooke," and this, too, without witnessing the effect of competition, we are at a loss whether to place it to the account of prejudice or ignorance. It is one of those gratuitous assertions, which perhaps is better calculated to excite ridicule than to provoke contempt; which can produce no impression *on the spot*, but which is designed to operate at a distance where truth cannot reach and controvert it. In reference to Mr. Conway's *Macbeth*, we remark the same spirit of criticism. Heated by his idolatry, a writer says, "we cannot analyze what appears to be almost *perfection itself*. We can only express our heartfelt thanks to this highly-gifted actor, not only for the delight he afforded us, and for the opportunity he gave us to prove our claim to discernment, but also for initiating us in the true *beauties* of that *legitimate school*, which needed only to be fully understood in order to be as fully appreciated." If this be not the height of servility, we know nothing of the name. To Mr. Conway, then, are we indebted for discernment enough to appreciate *his own merits*!—to him, and to him alone, are we obliged for the capacity to feel and understand the *true beauties* of *legitimate acting*! The most obsequious panegyrists of Cooke and Kean are effectually put to the blush by his sycophantic adulation of Conway. The secret spring of the whole business, however, we take to be hostility to Cooper. From paper to paper we trace the same hand, recognize the same strain, and discover throughout an equally invidious spirit. But the truth is, Conway can neither be exalted, nor Cooper disparaged, by such criticism; though the public may justly complain of the colouring in which ignorance and malice imposed their opinions on the world.

Mr. Conway's *Macbeth* we do not regard his ablest personification. It was a strange compound of beauties and defects, but the latter essentially preponderated. We had been told that his tragedy was cold and classical—that he was of "the Kemble school, and would please those not infected with the Kean fever." Judging from his *Macbeth*, however, we should think he had made Kean his model—nearly half the performance, embodying the most strongly marked points, was in exact imitation.—But it was an imitation of that actor's demerits—of his forced transitions, tapping of the breast, and his husky guttural intonations, now and then bordering on a growl—and betraying, like him, a disposition to "bite and play the dog." Kean would not thank him for the copy, but be very likely to complain, as Kemble once did of an actor who was always aping his defect of voice. Kemble, it will be recollected, was affected with asthma; and on one occasion, when playing *Lear* to the gentleman's *Edgar*, who by the by pos-

sessed a good voice, the latter carried his spirit of imitation even to the presence of the monarch himself. On leaving the stage, Kemble could not restrain his indignation. Addressing the manager, he complained that the man was eternally imitating him. "Did he copy my merits, I would not complain," says Kemble; "but he imitates my defects; my defect of voice, that I have been labouring to get rid of for years." We would not compare this actor with Mr. Conway, but himself will perceive the analogy, and may profit by the instruction. His outline of *Macbeth* was good, but he failed in the filling up. The peculiarities of Kean and Kemble seemed alone present to him, and in following them up he fell perhaps unconsciously into their modes of execution, forgetting that in power of voice he was superior to either. Occasionally, he would commence a speech in his own pure and manly style of declamation, and when we were prepared to hang with delight on his full and mellow tones, he would break out in the grating accents of Kean, and leave us in amazement at the ruin. If he would succeed as an actor elsewhere, if he would stand on the ground of his merits, he must rely on himself; not borrow from others; and that he has the ability to do so, we cannot doubt from his various performances. Nothing could be finer than the emphatic solemnity in which he gave "Bring forth men children only," &c. addressing Lady *Macbeth*; while nothing was more obviously censurable than the loud and impassioned tone of voice when, on going out after the murder, he exclaimed

"To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself."

The dagger scene, as a whole, was inferior to Cooper's, of which it is not too much to say it has never been equalled. The idea of retreating from the ghost is of the Macready school, but we deem the old way most natural. The very words, indeed—"Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence," presupposes the idea that *Macbeth* pursues the ghost from the stage. The fight and death in the closing scene were admirable—the pallid cheek, quivering lip, glazed eye, and the last gasp of the aspiring monarch, indicated a supremacy over the passions, which only requires in certain respects to be chastised in order to be completely successful. As yet, Mr. Conway must be content to yield the palm here to his brother of the buskin, Cooper.

Of their comparative merits in *Venice Preserved*, we have but little room to speak. To Mr. Conway's *Jaffier*, however, we unhesitatingly give the preference. The part, every one knows, illustrates a greater variety of passion than that of Picre, and it is one which from the first enters deeply into our sympathies. *Belvidera*, too, is a make-weight, who contributes to keep up the preponderance of the interest in favour of the guileless

Venetian; while *Pierre*, on the other hand, a tort of woman hater, and with nothing but a military port, and "fine gay bold-faced villainy" to recommend him, must fight hard to get into the good graces of the audience.

Mr. Conway's *Jaffier* was full of beauties. His carriage was more erect than usual, and the black dress became him better than any he has yet worn. At times he fell into the trickeries of Kean, but they served to show the brilliancy of the contrast when he shone forth in his own majesty. There was less, too, of shuffling about the stage, another of the Keanisms; and a more chastened and exquisite tone of *feeling* we never witnessed. Indeed, his touches of pathos seemed incorporate with the inward man—the eloquent gushes of an honest heart wrung with the sense of oppression, tenderly alive to all the social relations, and indignant at the ascendancy of tyranny and crime. The final separation from *Belvidera* was wrought up with uncommon power; and the solemn peal of the bell, accompanied as it was by the shuddering start of *Jaffier*, thrilled through every nerve.

Thus charged with American criticism, we set forth 'to bound over time and space,' when we were about half way across the Atlantic, we perceived a carrier pigeon a little to the rear of us. We slackened our progress, and found this messenger of peace was charged with a letter from our good friend the Boston editor, announcing to us that Conway and Cooper had agreed to appear in *Othello*, and that therefore the petition to Congress had been abandoned. He at the same time forwarded us the *New York Evening Post*, of the 16th of March, containing the following article relating to our old favourite—

Mathews.—We learn by the last London papers, that Mr. Mathews was at Manchester, exhibiting his budget of eccentricity and fun in all its variety, and that he was "nearly ready with his New Version of *Travels amongst the Yankees*, where the hits at nationality are said to be extremely piquant, but entirely free from any thing that can possibly give the slightest offence."

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NEW AND INTERESTING PROJECTS.
GREAT in arts and arms as England is, she is still greater in her commercial enterprise, and no project that offers the prospect of gain will scare an English capitalist from adventure. To him—

"Methink it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright guineas from the pale field
moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned sov'reigns by the heap."

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But although there are no bounds to human daring, there are limits to its exercise. Alexander wept that there were no new worlds to conquer; and our capitalists, after lending money to every potentate, from the Autoocrat of all the Russians down to his highness the Cazique of Poyais, and to every state that wanted the means of shaking off an old government, still find so much wealth on their hands, that they are really at a loss how to employ it. We call the present an age of genius;— fie on the dotards—what! we, who are descended from the founders of the South Sea and Mississippi schemes, and the two hundred other projects which, in that proud era of British enterprise and public confidence, were invented,—are we at a loss to know how to employ a paltry sum of five hundred millions! We really blush for the non-inventive age in which we have been thrown, and therefore, while our rump-steak is dressing and our appetite increasing at Anderton's, have determined to submit to the public, through the medium of the *Literary Chronicle*, half a score projects, which we have maturely considered and formed from actual surveys and estimates. As soon as public meetings have been called, directors nominated, and ten per cent. been received on all these projects, we shall submit others equally feasible and advantageous to the public:—

1. A plan for insuring tulip beds near London from the intrusive amours of the feline race, and for indemnifying maiden ladies of a certain age against the loss of favourite tabbies, spaniels, pup dogs, and guinea pigs.

2. A plan for enabling archbishops, bishops, and rectors, to dispense with those *lazy underlings*, the curates, who are not satisfied with a salary of thirty pounds per annum for only preaching three times on a Sunday, and attending a dozen funerals in a week without the fees.

3. A plan for converting our granite pavements to dust, whereby persons will be compelled to stay at home, instead of lounging about the streets, in summer. *Nota Bene.* This plan is equally applicable in winter, for the streets will be so muddy, that no man in his senses will venture out, except on a pair of stilts, such as are used by the inhabitants of the Landes.

4. A plan for milking cows, docking horses, and cropping two-legged puppies, by means of a steam-engine, which will at the same time rock the cradle in every house in the metropolis to which it is applied, beat the tattoo for all the barracks, whip the boys in all the national schools, slice cucumbers, uncase shrimps, &c.

5. A capital of twenty millions for converting the Jews. It having been dis-

covered that, by the regular and tedious process of preaching and teaching, the conversion of every Jew costs, upon an average, a thousand pounds,—it is therefore proposed to effect the object by purchase in future. An eminent Israelite has agreed to contract for the conversion of two thousand, at 430*l.* per head, including women and children, but threatens to raise his price, unless immediately treated with.

6. A plan for erecting a basin of three hundred acres, close to the river, where Thames water may at once be converted into porter, without the unnecessary process of passing through certain buildings called breweries.

7. A plan for insuring servant-maids against the loss of needles, thimbles, pin-cushions, old songs, dying speeches and confessions.

8. A plan for blowing up and dissolving the ice in the Arctic Ocean, with the exception of a field of a mile square, on which a colony is to be established, and the floating island towed like a steam-boat into the Pacific Ocean. It is to be confessed that this is a somewhat hazardous project, but its daring and improbability of success are the very reason why it is sure to meet with the readiest support. A promise has already been made to the celebrated Captain Symmes, not to approach within thirty feet of the opening at the pole, to the centre of the earth, which he claims as the first discoverers.

9. A plan for sweeping chimneys by means of an artificial earthquake, which shall shake the soot out of all the chimneys of the metropolis every Saturday morning, and abolish that *white slave-trade*, the climbing boys.

10. A plan for increasing and securing a monopoly of the dupes in London.

Biography.

THE REV. THOMAS MAURICE, A. M.

'*THERE* is a tear for all that die,' said Byron, and few persons acquainted with Mr. Maurice, but must have shed one when his death was announced, although his situation for many years had not, as Junius says, 'corresponded with his intentions.' Mr. Maurice was for many years an assistant librarian to the British Museum, and persons not acquainted with the parsimonious way in which the officers of that national institution are paid, will, no doubt, think it a splendid appointment. Indeed, when they hear of a wholesale hosier or draper giving a salary of five or six hundred a year to a head-clerk, or of the foreman to a tailor receiving a sum nearly equivalent, they will no doubt imagine that a gentleman and scholar, filling the office of one of the guardians to an establishment like that of the British Museum, must have a very handsome sa-

lary. Such persons will learn with surprise that the annual income of Mr. Maurice, the assistant keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, was only £120 a year, exclusive of apartments in the place.

Mr. Maurice was the son of a gentleman who for many years presided over the grammar school of Hertford, which rose into great reputation under his auspices. He was born about the year 1760, and his father, who died during his infancy, left an ample property to the sole care of a young widow, who soon squandered it away: the consequence of which was that the children had to look to other resources than a paternal estate, to enable them to pass through the world comfortably.

The education of Mr. Maurice was not, however, neglected, and he was for some time under the care of Dr. Parr, and, to the credit of this distinguished scholar, we must observe that he not only directed his studies, but afforded him a liberal support. The friendship thus formed continued during life; the Dr. however, forgot to teach him one important art,—that of deciphering his own hand-writing. Many a time and oft we have seen poor Mr. Maurice, poring for hours over one of the doctor's epistles, perfectly unable to read it, and soliciting the aid of such gentlemen as he could show it to, at the Museum, to assist him. We have more than once been called to this office of honour, but of difficulty, and have contributed in some degree in enabling our esteemed friend to unravel the mysteries of Dr. Parr's anti-caligraphic scrawl.*

After remaining some years under the tuition of Dr. Parr, Mr. Maurice removed to Oxford, where he obtained the degree of A. M., cultivated a taste for poetry, and formed many honourable connexions, among which may be included that of his college tutor, the present Lord Stowell. The latter does not seem to have been of much advantage to him, or Mr. Maurice would not have died an unbefriended clergyman, or officiated for so many years in the humble capacity of a curate. His first essay in print was by the publication, in 1775, of *The School Boy*, a poem, in imitation of Phillips's *Splendid Shilling*. This was followed, in the two succeeding years,

* With every sentiment of respect for the talents of the venerable doctor, we must say that his letters bear great marks of affectation. His lines are quite irregular: two short words will be allotted to one line, and half a dozen long ones to the next, without any reason to be assigned beyond that of mere caprice.

by Netherby and Hagley, two poems, and a monody to the memory of the Duchess of Northumberland. A volume of poems, with a free translation of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, considerably enhanced his reputation. In 1789, Mr. Maurice published *Panthea, or the Captive Bride*, a tragedy, founded on a story in Xenophon. About this time, he formed the plan of his works on India, but met with little encouragement from the directors of the company in Leadenhall Street, although the nature of the work, the style of his prospectus, and his well known talents, were sure pledges of its merits. After four years hard study, uncheered by public encouragement, he published his Indian *Antiquities*, in five volumes octavo, which he afterwards extended to seven volumes. On the death of his friend and patron, Sir William Jones, Mr. Maurice wooed the plaintive muse, nor did he woo in vain, for the elegy he wrote on his death, possessed great merit. The History of Hindostan, and several other works on India followed, to which it is not necessary more immediately to advert. Mr. Maurice now returned to the muses, from whom he had been seduced, and wrote some poems which have been much admired. The works of Mr. Maurice were:—

Netherby, a poem, 4to. 1776.—Hagley, a poem, 4to. 1777.—Monody to the Memory of the Duchess of Northumberland, 4to.—Poems and Miscellaneous Pieces, 4to. 1779.—Ierne Rediviva, an ode, 4to. 1782.—Westminster Abbey, an elegiac poem, 4to. 1784.—Panthea, a tragedy, 8vo. 1789.—Letter to the Court of Directors of the East India Company, containing proposals for a History of Hindostan, 8vo. 1790.—Indian Antiquities, 7 vols 8vo. 1792-1800.—An Elegiac Poem, sacred to the Memory and Virtues of Sir Wm. Jones, 4to. 1795.—The History of Hindostan, 2 vols. 4to. 1795, 1798.—Sanskrit Fragments, or Extracts from the Sacred Books of the Brahmins, on subjects important to the British Isles, 8vo. 1798.—The Crisis of the British Muse, to the British Minister and Nation, 4to. 1798.—Grove Hill, the seat of Dr. Lettsom, a descriptive poem, 4to. 1799.—The Modern History of Hindostan, 2 vols. 4to. 1802, 1804.—A Vindication of the History of Hindostan, from the Misrepresentations of the Edinburgh Reviewers, 8vo. 1805.—The Fall of the Mogul, a tragedy, 8vo. 1806.—Richmond Hill, a descriptive and historical poem, 4to. 1808.—Supplement to the History of India, 4to. 1810.—Brahminical Fraud Detected, or the Attempts of the Sacerdotal Tribe of India to invest their Fabulous Deities with the Attributes of the Christian Messiah, 8vo. 1812.

The number and variety of these works are sufficient proofs of the in-

dustry and talents of the author; there is a sweetness and delicacy in his poetry, and a vigour as well as elegance in his prose, which cannot fail of striking every reader, although they failed of procuring for the highly gifted author that honourable reward to which his talents and his industry entitled him. Mr. Maurice, like many men of genius, was fond of society, but no economist, —a circumstance on which Beloe, in his *Sexagenarian*, has maliciously dwelt. Some few years ago, he came into some property, which induced him to commemorate the event by the purchase of a country residence; he had studied books, not men, and consequently he paid too dear for his ‘whistle;’ a second folly was that of giving a dinner to an old friend and patron, the Duke of Sussex; and it was not long before he was relieved of all anxiety a temporary independence might have given him. For the last eighteen months or two years, he has been in a declining state of health, and on Tuesday, the 30th ult., he paid the great debt of nature.

In 1786, Mr. Maurice married the daughter of Thomas Pearce, Esq., a commander in the service of the Hon. East India Company, but she only lived four years after their union, having died at Woodford, where Mr. Maurice was for some time curate, on the 27th Feb. 1790. On the death of his lady, Mr. Maurice wrote an Epitaph, which, as it shows his feelings as a man and his talents as a poet, we subjoin, in conclusion of this brief memoir:—

‘EPITAPH ON MRS. MAURICE.

‘Serenely bright, in bridal smiles array’d!
The purple spring its blossom’d sweets display’d;
While raptur’d fancy saw full many a year,
In bliss revolving, urge its gay career.—
But, ah! how deep a gloom the skies o’erspread;
How swift the dear delusive vision fled!
Disease and pain the ling’ring hours consume,
And secret feed on youth’s corroded bloom.
Ceas’d are the songs that fill’d the nuptial grove,
The dance of pleasure in the bow’r of love.—
For Hymen’s lamp funereal torches glare,
And mournful dirges rend the midnight air!
Oh! thou, whose cheek, the rival of the rose,
With all the flush of vernal beauty glows;
Whose pulses high with youthful vigour bound,
The brightest fair in fashion’s mazy round,
Approach with awe the mansions of the dead,
And as the grave’s drear bourn thy footstep’s
tread—

Mark—’midst these ravages of fate and time—
Where worth lies buried in its loveliest prime;
Where youth’s extinguished fires no longer
burn,
And beauty slumbers in the mould’ring urn,
Oh! pause—and, bending o’er fair Stella’s
tomb,
Mourn her hard lot, and read thy future doom!
Soft lie the sod that shield’s from wintry rains
And blasting winds my Stella’s lov’d remains:

May angels guard the consecrated ground,
And flowers, as lovely, bloom for ever round!
Meek sufferer—who, by nameless woes op-
press’d,

The patience of th’ expiring lamb possess’d;
When, many a tedious moon, thy fever’d veins
Throbb’d with the raging hectic’s fiery pains,
Nor heav’d a sigh—save that alone which bore
Triumphant virtue to a happier shore—
Stella, whose streaming eye ne’er ceased to flow
When sorrow pour’d the plaint of genuine woe,
Whose mind was pure as that unsullied ray
That beams from heav’n, and lights the orb of
day;

Sweet be thy slumbers on this mossy bed,
Till the last trump shall rouse the sleeping dead;
Then, having nought from that dread blast to
fear,
Whose echo shall convulse the crumbling
sphere,
In fairer beauty wake—a heav’nly bride,
And rise an angel, who a martyr died!'

Original Poetry.

THE STRANGER’S HOME.

Now swiftly from the sounding shore,
Our bark obeys the seaward wind:
The big blue billows swell before,
And England slowly sinks behind.
Tho’ never more thy strand I see,
Where’er I rest, where’er I roam,
I’ll think with gratitude on thee,
Old England! thou—the *stranger’s home*.

The fair, the friendly, and the free,
Are truly thine: and still may they,
Thou lessening land, inhabit thee,

I’ o’er the widening waves survey;
Where toil and talent meet their claim,—
In arts a Grecé, in arms a Rome,—
And still, oh! still, of fairer fame,
Old England is the *stranger’s home*.

Thy sons of social soul, oh, Thames!
The feast of friendship will enjoy;
The beauties of thy daughter-dames,
To love the yielding youth decoy!

Now for the land of hill and heath,
Thy banks, proud stream, I wander from,
But never till the day of death,
Shall I forget the *stranger’s home*.

Hoist high, my merry mariner,
A parting pennant to yon land,
Now far and faint; then northward steer,
For Scotia’s dear, tho’ distant, strand!
While yet thy chalky cliffs I view,
Above the billow’s breaking foam,
A long, perhaps the last, adieu!
Old England! thou—the *stranger’s home*.

JOHN IMLAH.

EPIGRAMS.

THE COMPARISON.

A. Open as day is Gripe-all’s hand to charity.
B. Methinks the flattery is somewhat gross.
A. Nay, ‘twixt the two there’s no such great
disparity;
The day I mean is one that’s monstrous
close.

THE INTERPRETATION.

You swear that Dick’s a *bore*,—
The greatest in the nation.
‘Tis true, but for politeness’ sake,
Say Dick’s a man of *penetration*.

THE BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

Grieve not, dear maid, at what they say,
Who of thy tyranny complain ;
For though thy eyes our hearts enslave,
Thy tongue still sets us free again.

ETYMOLOGY.

That blundering Random is turned overseer
Of's own estate seems to all rather queer ;
And yet none's more fit for such office by rights,
Than one who makes so many great *oversights*.

VENUS DE MEDICI.

Ranger swore that his Chloe was Venus at least,
And that by enjoyment his passion increased ;
But passion means *anger*—too truly he spoke,
And *suffering* it means too, and that is no joke.
And he felt them both, when *be-doctered* and
nursed ;
He railed at his fate, and lamented and cursed,
And found out too late, when in terrible case
That his Venus was of the true Medici race.

REGIMENT FOR A MISER.

A. Hal is grown quite a miser of late, I protest ;
To cure him I wish we could find out some way.
B. Why, then, let him use his dumb-bells every day.
A. Use *dumb-bells* ! what a fancy ! you surely must jest.
B. No, faith !—they will help much to open his *chest* !

THE CONVICT.

Past twelve o'clock, and a stormy night !
Hark ! hark ! what a hollow groan
From the cell of the convict took its flight,
And mixed with the wild wind's moan.
'Twas surely the deepest that grief could start,
'Twas surely the burst of a broken heart.

To-morrow he dies ! and these are the last
And the saddest hours he will tell :
The summons seems borne upon ev'ry blast,
And death on each tone of the bell ;
For to-morrow he launches his bark alone,
On eternity's tide, to a world unknown.

Poor youth ! I remember when, guileless and gay,
Together we travers'd the heath,
Or silently sat, at the close of the day,
The wild-rose bower beneath,
And shudder'd to hear his sire relate
The bandit's doom and the felon's fate.

But the red-cross banner and rolling drum
Soon drew him away from the plain ;
And the rustics with grief said he ne'er would come

To his native valley again :
I remember his mother's deep-drawn sigh,
And the tear that fell from his father's eye.
O ! had he but sunk upon glory's bed,
And slept in the tomb of the brave,
Twould have spar'd his father's hoary head
From his mother's grief-dug grave ;
Twould have sav'd his love's last frantic clasp,
And his friend the pang of a parting grasp.

But to-morrow he dies ! and his last request
Comes mournfully sad to me,—
A bunch of wild roses to plant in his breast,
Plucked fresh from his favourite tree !
For they'll wither like him in their early bloom,
And his cold bosom will be their tomb.

JESSE HAMMOND.

FINE ARTS.

GALLERY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,
SUFFOLK STREET.

WE have already spoken more than once of this new institution, and we are now able to say that we found our most sanguine anticipations exceeded, when, at the opening dinner last Tuesday, we found the walls covered with a profusion of subjects, in every branch of the graphic art. This brilliant display of pictures, in congregated majesty and sparkling beauty, gives proof that a society not yet ten months old, had, like the infant Hercules, overcome the first difficulty, and fought the good fight no less energetically than effectually. The general *coup d'œil* of this noble suite of apartments is very striking : the pictures are well arranged, and almost without exception placed in appropriate situations, where they can be fairly viewed. Nothing is thrust out of sight, as if condemned first and *hanged up*—up to the very top of the room, afterwards. Consequently, in the rooms set apart for the architectural drawings, &c. and engravings, the upper part of the wall is but partially covered—but this is as it should be, and we hope that the society will, on no occasion, be induced to receive more pictures and drawings than can be conveniently displayed.

The Ante-room and the Great Room contain the pictures in oil, and among these are many fine productions of the pencil. There is a much smaller proportion of portraits than at the Royal Academy, but what there are, are all very far above mediocrity. Lonsdale has several excellent ones: the Duke of Sussex, Mr. Coke, &c. That of Sir John Cotterel, by Hastings (No. 13), is a finely painted head, with admirable truth and character. In one of the other rooms is a portrait, in crayons, of Miss Cotterel (No. 470), by the same artist, who is eminently successful in this neglected but truly beautiful department of painting. The president, Mr. Heaphy, has several charming portraits, but we can at present only particularize No. 201, representing three lovely children. He has also some excellent humourous subjects, particularly a 'Game at Put.'

In landscape, there are many very delightful and able productions. Linton has several, but we can now notice only his magnificent view of the Vale of Lonsdale, near Lancaster (No. 149) : a finer piece of actual scenery can hardly be found ;—it contains almost every feature that an artist would select—a rich foreground, fine expanse of cultivated

country, and noble mountains in the distance. Hofland has many delightful park scenes, over whose rich verdure he has thrown a sunny glow that enhances their luxuriance. But his *Moonlight* (No. 27), is one of the most poetical representations we ever beheld :—there is a delicious mellow softness spread over this composition that cannot be too highly admired. Glover has some admirable landscapes : we were most struck with that entitled a *Favourite Haunt of my Youth* (No. 104) ; it is indeed a most picturesque rural spot, and an inspiring haunt for either poet or painter. There are several views by our old favourites, Stark, Vincent, &c. We can point out only such as we actually examined, but our readers must be aware that a single visit, and that just before dinner is very inadequate to a due inspection of even a quarter of the treasures which are here collected, and, therefore, we shall not be at all surprised, at our subsequent visits, to find that we had passed by several pictures worthy of our attention.—But to resume our remarks.

Martin has a grand *historico-poetic* composition in his own peculiar style, representing the *Seventh Plague of Egypt*, No. 22, and combining the most dreadful phenomena of nature, with gorgeous piles of architecture, ranges of temples, palaces, towers, which the devastating elements seem about to overwhelm in one universal ruin. The whole scene is impressed with an appearance of awe and horror. The awful visitation seems to be the catastrophe of a mighty empire. We behold, as it were, the majesty of man as exhibited in his proudest works, suddenly smitten by Heaven :—an avenging deity reveals himself in the rent heavens, in the raging atmosphere, in the desolating convulsion that threatens to annihilate all life ; and amidst all these tremendous horrors stands Moses himself, stretching forth his rod, as the minister of divine wrath. This production is every way worthy of Mr. Martin's reputation : the subject is congenial to his talent, and is treated with the most masterly ability : his landscapes, on the contrary, are failures. Alexander visiting Diogenes (No. 389), a drawing, by the same artist, is a rich composition ; the group occupying the centre of the foreground, on the bank of a river, is well arranged ; to the left and in the background are seen the edifices of a magnificent city. Haydon has a noble historical, or rather poetical, composition, *Silenus, intoxicated and moral, reproving Bacchus and Ariadne for their lazy and irregular Lives* (No.

129). The subject is so curious a one, that we are almost tempted to suspect the artist means more than meets the eye, or more than mere general satire: however this may be, we greatly admire the invention and general composition of this piece. The drawing is vigorous and fine, the figures full of character; yet we think the countenance of Silenus might have been more expressive. In point of colouring, this picture is very rich, but the shadows are too red, and a greater opposition of cool tints is wanted. This production deserves also to be noticed as being painted in dimensions suited to a moderate-sized apartment.

There are many very interesting domestic and familiar scenes; among which, the Widow (No. 84) stands pre-eminent, and cannot fail to add to the reputation of the artist (Richter). A young and lovely widow is trying on an elegant satin robe, which has just been brought home by the dress-maker. She eyes the splendid attire with great complacency, either eager to array herself for conquest, or perhaps to yield to the wishes of a favoured suitor: nor does her servant, a dark-eyed laughing damsel, seem a whit less delighted than her mistress. We almost hear the rapturous exclamation that bursts from her lips. It is altogether a very rich and well-conceived and well-painted subject. If there is any thing strikes us as susceptible of improvement, it is that it has not sufficient transparency in some of the shadows. We have no doubt but that this will be a favourite picture with most of the visitors to the gallery. Cross-examining the Witness (No. 197), by Rippingille, has very considerable merit. There is an extraordinary degree of truth and *naturalness*, if we may use the term, in this picture. The artist seems not to have studied effect of any kind, but quietly to have copied the scene exactly as he saw it. There are no prominent figures, no artificial arrangement, no peculiar distribution of light, nothing striking in the colouring. Yet there is none of the crudity, harshness, and insipidity, which there must inevitably have been, had he not maturely considered his composition.—No. 65, 'I will Fight,' by Simpson, represents two boys (half-length and the size of life), one of whom, in a boxing attitude, is withheld from attacking the object of his resentment, by another, who is earnestly entreating him to forbear. We know not which is the most admirable, the countenance of the combatant, or that of the other boy; but both are charmingly

painted, and delightfully contrasted. Both faces are highly expressive of ingenuousness,—even that of the irritated youth; the other is particularly mild and sweet. The colouring is delicious,—pure fresh tints, and wonderful force and relief. Whoever the artist be, and we never heard his name before, he will not remain long unknown. A picture of great merit, by Blake, was sold during the dinner, to Mr. H. Davis.

In the architectural department, there are one or two very clever designs. We shall now only point out No. 555, a Vestibule to a Museum, a particularly rich and tasteful design; No. 569, a similar subject, being the Entrance to a Public Museum; and Nos. 538 and 556, The Exterior and Interior of a Design for a Cathedral in the Gothic style, by Allom. We must defer altogether to notice either the engravings or the sculpture, this week: let it suffice for the present to say, that what we saw of the former enabled us to perceive that they are all exquisite gems, and the most brilliant impressions. There is not much sculpture, neither is it seen to the greatest advantage, although exceedingly well arranged, owing to the bright crimson of the walls. Some less glaring tint should have been employed for this apartment, to set off the delicate hue of the sculpture. There are some well-executed and interesting busts, by Henning and Scouler, the two principal contributors to this department of the exhibition.—There is also Mr. West living, and almost speaking from the hands of Mr. Rossi, the royal academician, who, as well as Mr. Northcote, have done honour to themselves and to these exhibition rooms, by sending some very clever works of art. We trust the three gentlemen who have thus come forward to support the infant society, will, in another year, be joined by many of their own body, in proving liberal feelings and good wishes to the beginners; to the names of those already given, we ought to add that of Sir Anthony Carlisle, as we know that it was his full intention to have been present at the dinner, and to have thus evinced his good will for the establishment.

But the 'table's full,' and it remains for us to say a few words respecting the dinner, to which about 150 persons sat down at half past six o'clock. At the right hand of the president was his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex; and among the other distinguished visitors present were Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Lambton, the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, H. Davis, Esq. M. P. Captain Morris,

Colonel Wildman, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Mr. Nash, &c. For a particular account of the toasts, speeches, &c. we refer to the newspapers of the following day; as we must be more brief, and must compress our information, we shall only observe, that success to the 'Royal Academy' and the 'British Institution' were proposed and drunk with enthusiasm. In rising to return thanks for his health having been drunk, the Duke of Sussex took the opportunity of observing that he was induced to bestow his patronage on this institution, because he did not consider it to be set up in opposition to that of the Royal Academy, but naturally to emanate from it, owing to the increase of talent and the diffusion of taste. He trusted, therefore, that nothing like a mean rivalry or illiberal jealousy would be indulged on either part. In these sentiments we cordially coincide, and should be very sorry to perceive any but a generous emulation between these or any other societies or bodies of men professing to cultivate the liberal and harmonizing arts. That one member, at least, of the Royal Academy* is sincere in his professions of kindness towards the present institution, cannot be doubted when the following letter is perused, and it is known that it contained the donation of *fifty guineas*. It was addressed to Mr. Hofland, who read it to the company:—

'13, Lincoln's Inn Fields,
April 13, 1824.

'Dear Sir,—I regret that a disease in my eyes prevents my having the pleasure of dining with the Society of British Artists to-day, agreeably to the card I have been favoured with.

'From the communication you were pleased to make to me yesterday, I am fully persuaded that the members of your society are anxious to combine their interests with those of the Royal Academy. The greater the number of enlightened societies in town and country, so much the better for the interests of the fine arts; they will all form one family, and I trust their rallying point will always be the Royal Academy.

'To the founder of the Royal Academy my obligations are great; of course, I have a deep interest in whatever relates to the welfare of his noble institution. The patronage of his late Majesty gave me the opportunity of pursuing my studies in Italy, and has thereby enabled me occasionally to assist in relieving the distressed artist, his widow, and children.

'With this view of the subject, and with these feelings, I have the most heartfelt satisfaction in wishing success to the Society of British Artists, and to offer them,

* Northcote and Rossi, both academicians, exhibit in this gallery.

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by the accompanying inclosure, the strongest pledge of my best wishes for the success of the institution.

‘I am, dear sir, your’s very truly,
‘JOHN SOANE.’*

Mr. Hobhouse also, in an animated speech, deprecated the idea of this institution having been originated in any feeling inimical towards the Royal Academy, and at the conclusion of his address paid the following happy and appropriate compliment to the artists whose labours had contributed to furnish this exhibition. ‘From the pictures of superior merit that now adorn your walls, I augur your future success. I see that you are justified in using the language which was inscribed as the epitaph of an illustrious person who preaceded you: ‘If you seek to know what we have done, look around you—si monumentum requiris, circumspice.’ I am sure you will succeed; bear in mind, at least, that you ought to succeed. Your exertions entitle you to entertain such a feeling; and whether you succeed, as I hope you may, or whether you fail, as I am confident you will not, let this feeling be your consolation and your pride.’ We can add nothing to either the elegance or the force of this language, and will not therefore weaken its effect by any repetition of the sentiments it contains.

Mr. Lambton and several other gentlemen addressed the meeting. In addition to the professional singers, there were several gentlemen who volunteered, and among others was the celebrated Captain Morris, who gave a song which he had written for the occasion. The company separated at a seasonable hour, pleased with each other and with the intellectual as well as physical banquet they had enjoyed.

RESTORATION OF THE CIVIC PALACE, CHEAPSIDE.

WE have so frequently occasion to regret the wanton and tasteless mutilation, barbarous defacement and spoliation, or still more barbarous innovations and beautifyings, which occur in repairing ancient edifices or accommodating them to modern purposes, that we are truly

* A gentleman who sate near us expressed himself very warmly on the subject of the recent flippant attacks on Mr. Soane in a certain assembly, and said, parodying Burke, the pens of architects ought to leap from the standish to vindicate the professor of architecture; and as it was evident that the subject had been carefully studied by himself, and that he was a scholar and a man of a literary turn, we offer him the medium of publishing in our paper, if he is inclined to fulfil his own wishes.

happy in being able to point out an instance where prior innovations have been removed, and a beautiful piece of architecture restored to more than its pristine splendour. The front of the mansion formerly occupied by the Lord Mayor of London has been completely renovated by its present possessor (Mr. Tegg, the bookseller), and now exhibits one of the richest and most tasteful specimens of the domestic architecture of the period of Charles II. existing in the metropolis. This front is certainly one of the happiest designs of its great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and far more worthy of his reputation than many of his more celebrated works. In this composition he has shown himself the Rubens or Veronese of architecture: its ornaments are crowded and luxuriant, displaying a fertile imagination, and conceived with great *gusto*. Some of its details, examined apart, may appear too heavy and overcharged, but they are all in unison with the predominant character and physiognomy of the design;—with the principal members and proportions. The lower part of the building, namely the shop-front, has been executed in a correspondent style, and harmonizes admirably with the original features of the building. This addition has been made from the designs of G. Smith, Esq. architect, who has displayed equal judgment and taste in every part of this restoration; nor can we forbear complimenting the good sense and feeling of the proprietor, in having thus preserved, in all its beauty, so fine and interesting an example of our metropolitan architecture.

Literature and Science.

In the press, a Picturesque Tour of the Rivers Ganges and Jumna, in India, consisting of twenty-four coloured views, a map, and vignettes, from original drawings made on the spot by Lieutenant-colonel Forrest, late on the staff of his Majesty’s service in Bengal; forming a companion work to Ackermann’s Picturesque Tours of the Rhine and Seine.

Preparing for publication, the Three Brothers, or the Travels and Adventures of the Three Sherleys, in Persia, Russia, Turkey, Spain, &c. Printed from original MSS. With additions and illustrations from very rare contemporaneous works, and portraits of Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Lady Sherley.

Directions for Studying the Laws of England, by Roger North, youngest brother to Lord Keeper Guilford. Now first printed from the original MS. in the Hargrave collection. With notes and illustrations by a lawyer.

Local Attraction of Ships.—The Board of Longitude have conferred the parliamentary premium of 500*l.* on Mr. Peter Barlow, of the Royal Military Academy, for his method of correcting the local attraction of vessels. The great quantities of iron employed at this time, in the construction and equipment of ships of war, produce so much deviation in the compass (varying according to the direction of the ship’s head) as to render it almost an useless instrument, particularly in high northern and southern latitudes. It appears by Lieutenant Foster’s report of experiments made in his Majesty’s ship Conway, under the superintendence of Captain Basil Hall, to lat. 61. S. and under that of Captain Clavering, in the recent voyage of the Grifer, to lat. 80 deg. north, that the difference in the bearing of an object with the ship’s head, at east and west, amounted to 28 degrees before the latter vessel left the Nore; this difference afterwards amounted to 50 degrees at the north Cape, and 75 degrees at the Spitzbergen. Great, however, as this effect was, the method recommended by Mr. Barlow was completely successful. This is extremely simple; it consists in merely placing a small plate of iron abaft the compass, in such a situation as to counteract the effects of the ship in any one place; after which, without removing it, it continues to do the same in all parts of the world, whatever change may take place in the dip or intensity of the magnetic needle. Three important advantages will result from this discovery:—It will add greatly to the safety of vessels in our channel, in dark and blowing weather; it will tend to the general correction of our charts of variation; and will dispel nine out of ten of the supposititious currents, so liberally supplied by navigators, to account for every remarkable disagreement between reckoning and observation, and of which there can be no doubt the greater number have arisen from this long-neglected error in the compass.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock	Morning	1 o'clock	Noon.	10 o'clock	Night.	Barom.	1 o'clock	Noon.	Weather.
April 9	41	47	43	30 04						Cloudy.
.... 10	42	40	34	29 45						Stormy.
.... 11	30	40	30	.. 44						Snow.
.... 12	38	47	35	.. 47						Fair.
.... 13	35	49	38	.. 75						Do.
.... 14	36	50	39	.. 91						Do.
.... 15	35	51	39	.. 90						Do.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Nothing puzzles a city knight so much as to ask him for what services he received his honours: we are sure the two gentlemen who were dubbed at the last levee must be particularly embarrassed at the

question. Of Mr. (now Sir James) Williams's services we never heard, except that he made a sudden jump from Alderman Waithman's party to that of his opponent's, and gave a dinner to Lord Sidmouth at the 'Gothic', Kentish Town,—an unfortunate residence, since it has given him the appellation of the Gothic Knight. Mr.—we beg pardon—Sir Peter Lawrie, the saddler, has certainly done something—he has during his sheriffalty invented a new collar for hanging the poor creatures at the Old Bailey; (nothing like leather!) but surely for such a discovery he should have received the order of the *Garter*.

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment; 'you are mistaken, my dear sir,' was the reply—'*'Tis not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed.*'

A Bad Pun.—The Honourable Frederic Robinson, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, observed in a convivial party that he might say, with Shenstone, his name was not obnoxious to a pun; upon which Mr. Canning replied, with infinite promptitude, 'you *robbing son* of a—, how can you say so?' which caused a great laugh at the time.'

Marquis Wellesley.—Although nothing would have kept the talents of the present Marquis Wellesley long in the background, yet he owed his most prominent elevation to an accidental circumstance. Inheriting but a slender estate, which was much reduced by the gratuitous and honourable discharge of his father's debts, he was comparatively poor. Dining one day with the late Mr. Pitt and his brother minister, Lord Melville, he is said to have been thrown by the spell of Bacchus into the arms of Morpheus. While thus lost to the two statesmen, they were not unmindful of him: 'Our poor friend, Dick,' said Mr. Pitt, 'is sadly out at elbows; now what shall we do for him?—Send him out to India,' said Dundas, at once; 'and so we will,' replied Mr. Pitt, and a few weeks after the Marquis of Wellesley (then Lord Mornington) received the appointment.

The Good Child.—His dignity above his parent's does not cancel his duty unto him. When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir John his father one of the judges of the King's Bench, he would, in Westminster Hall, beg his blessing of him on his knees.

The Good Widow.—Some widows' sorrow is a storm, not a still rain. Yet commonly it comes to pass, that such widows' grief is quickly emptied, which streameth out at so large a vent; whilst their tears that but drop will hold running a long time.

Naval Anomalies.—Why are vessels of the feminine gender?—We read of the King George having lost her bowsprit; the Queen Charlotte sprung a leak; the John Adams stove in her bulwarks; the Lady Adams shifted her ballast; the Jupiter foundered in the Gulf of Mexico;

and the Emperor on her beam ends. The geographical, astronomical, and political blunders are still more gross. The United States has put into Holmes' Hole; the North America bound round Cape Horn; the Chesapeake cleared out for London; the Massachusetts blown off the coast; the Mediterranean high and dry on Cape Cod; the Atlantic condemned as unseaworthy; the Vesuvius capsized in the North Sea; the Free Ocean plundered by pirates; the Equator in lat. 69. N.; the Globe burnt at sea; the Zenith seized for a breach of the revenue laws; the Zodiac in quarantine; the Constellation under jury masts; the North Star shipped a sea on the line; the Congress hauled into dry dock; and the Constitution undergoing repairs. A few general cases, and we have done. We find the Eagle sailing for the coast of Guinea; the Aeolus waiting for a wind; the Dolphin taking whales off Brazil; the Leopard run down by the Flying Fish; the Phoenix sunk in ten fathoms water; the Cornucopia short of provisions; the Invincible taken by a Dutch galliot; the Salus with the small-pox on board; the Adamant rotting at the wharf; the Golden Age sold for the benefit of the underwriters; the Howard with a cargo of slaves; and the Palinurus in want of a pilot; not forgetting the Who would a-thought it running foul of the Catch me if you can!

The word *Parliament* is properly a French or Norman word, signifying to speak the mind, and was originally spelt *parle à ment*.

'That is a very beautiful emerald pin of your's, Mr. O'Dogherty.' 'Why yes, madam, a certain duchess thinks so.' 'Pray, sir, where do emeralds come from?'—'Where do they come from? why, madam, where should they come from but Ireland; don't you know it is proverbially called the Emerald Isle, because the emeralds grow there.'

Jeu d'Esprit.

Tom, who had visited the Fleet,
Just parted tipsy from his host,
And, as he reeled along the street,
He beat his head against a post.
A stranger cried, not standing far,
That is the way to *Temple Bar*.

On hearing that the celebrated Corn Doctor had been consigned to the Tread Mill.

This famous doctor rooted out the corn,
For human feet and soles to lightly tread;
And now, in turn, he treads down prison's corn,
And corn himself produces still for bread. P

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE continuation of the review of Capt. Parry's Journal, Archimedes on the 'Mechanic's Institution,' and several other articles intended for the present number, are deferred to our next.

The favours of Cantabrigiensis, P. D., and an old, but not forgotten, correspondent, have been received, though too late in the week for us to decide on their merits.

Works published since our last notice.—*Jonathan Oldstyle*, by Washington Irving, 3s. *Moore's Memoirs of Captain Rock*, 9s. *Wilson's Travels in Egypt, &c.*, 18s. *Taylor's Selections from Humboldt*, relative to Mexico, 8vo. 12s. *Spix's Brazils*, vols. 1 and 2, 8vo. 24s. *Shepherd on the Service of the Church*. *Le Littérateur*, par Mansart, 5s. 6d. *Tennant's Tour on the Continent*, 2 vols. 25s. boards. *Jamieson's Outline Atlas of the Heavens*, 4to. 15s. *Milton's Poetical Works*, by Williams, 12mo. 2 vols. 16s. *Thomson's Seasons*, 12mo. 7s. *East India Register for 1824*, 8s. 6d. *The Old English Drama*, No. 1, containing the Second Maiden's Tragedy, crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. *demy 8vo.* 4s. *The History of Matthew Wald*, 8vo. *Thoughts on Prison Labour*, 8vo. 9s.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.
THE GALLERIES for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of British Artists will OPEN on MONDAY next, the 19th inst.
April 14, 1824. W. LINTON, Secretary.

Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

DOLBY'S UNIVERSAL HISTORIES.
Just published, price 6s. 6d. in extra boards, Vol. I. of **HUME'S HISTORY of ENGLAND**,
Containing, without the Abridgment of a single word, Hume's England, from the Earliest Period to the end of the reign of King Henry Vth; with Interrogatories to exercise the Memory of young Persons, and to renovate that of adults. Embellished with twenty-six original historical Engravings, designed and drawn on wood by Mr. W. H. Brooke, and executed by Mr. White.

Thomas Dolby, Printer and Publisher, 17, Catherine Street, Strand.

TO FLORISTS, &c.
This day was published, in 12mo. with coloured plates, price 8s. boards, a New Edition of **A CONCISE and PRACTICAL TREATISE on the GROWTH and CULTURE of the CARNATION**, Pink, Auricula, Polyanthus, Ranunculus, Tulip, Hyacinth, Rose, and other Flowers; including a Dissertation on Soils and Manures, and containing Catalogues of the finest and most esteemed Varieties of each Flower. Third Edition, with Additions.

By THOMAS HOGG.

Florist, Paddington Green, Middlesex.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane. 'Our readers will perceive that we have read this work with much satisfaction, and as we see no reason to doubt of the fidelity with which Mr. Hogg has reported his experiments, we advise them to purchase his book, and reap the advantage themselves of his industry, diligence, and devotion to so agreeable a pursuit as the cultivation of a flower-garden.'—*Monthly Censor*, October, 1822.

STRATFORD UPON-AVON CHURCH.
On the 1st of May will be published, No. 4, containing four views, and a vignette, representing the baptismal font of Shakspeare, with historical notices and architectural descriptions of that ancient and interesting edifice.

THE CHURCH at STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, forming part of a Work now in progress, being Original Views of the most interesting Collegiate and Parochial Churches in Great Britain, from Drawings by J. P. Neale, the Engravings by J. and H. Keux.

The work is published in Monthly Parts, each containing Four highly-finished Views, price 4s. royal 8vo. A few copies are printed, with proof impressions of the Plates, on India paper, royal 4to. price 8s. Twelve parts will form a volume, and the whole will be completed in six volumes.

Contents of Numbers already published:—No. 1, contains Three Views of Great Malvern Church and a Monument.—No. 2, Two of Leominster Church, Exterior of Ingham Church, Norfolk, and a Monument.—No. 3, Two Views of Little Malvern Church, one of Witney Church, and one of All Saints Church, Evesham.

London: published for the Proprietors, by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Co., Baldwin and Co., and Sherwood and Co., Paternoster Row; Harding and Co., Finsbury Square; and may be had of all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

London:—Published by Davidson, at No. 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Ray, Creed Lane; Ridgway, Piccadilly; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Richardson, Cornhill; Chapple, Pall Mall; Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors—Printed by Davidson, Old Bond Street, Carey Street.